JUL 3 1947
PERIODICAL ROOM GENERAL LIBRARY UNIV. MICH.

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXIII. No. 850. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1947 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	445
EUROPE AND MR. MARSHALL	447
FRENCH DEMOCRACY	448
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	448
THIS ENGLAND	449
A TRUST ON TRIAL. By Edmund Penning-Rowsell	450
VISIT TO POLAND. By Betty Morgan	451
FILMS AND QUOTAS. By Norman MacKenzie	451
THE WORD. By Dorothy Baker	452
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Radio Notes. By Edward Sackville West	452
Hindemith. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	453
The Movies. By William Whitebait	453
Current Shows. By Roger Marvell	454
Ballet des Champs Elysées. By Beryl de Zoete	454
CORRESPONDENCE	454
From Cahir Healey; Desmond Donnelly; J. F. Burns; C. E. Hodge; D. N. Pritt, M.P.; James E. Wright; K. F. Child; David Gunston; Sir Osbert Sitwell; and Olga Somech Phillips.	
CORRESPONDENCE—*continued*	Page
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Raymond Mortimer	457
REVIEWS:	
Russia and the West. By Kingsley Martin	458
Terror By Night. By G. W. Stonier	458
Voices from the Church. By Sidney Dark	459
Bric-a-Brac. By Robin King	460
Frank Thompson. By Norman MacKenzie	461
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	462

THE MINISTER AND THE HOUSEWIFE

THE Food Estimates, presented by John Strachey to the Cabinet, are still under consideration. Some Ministers, in view of the rate of dollar expenditure, are trying to cut these estimates drastically. In this way they hope to make the Loan last a little longer and to convince the Americans that we deserve another.

We cannot accept this view. Any cut in food imports, sufficient to affect the dollar situation, would reduce output in the factories. We should probably lose as much in reduced exports as we won in dollar savings. That is why the only sane thing to do is to maintain our rations at the present level so long as the dollars are there; to continue to seek for alternative sources of supply in soft currency areas; and meanwhile to tell the Americans that we shall cut all other imports and reduce our Forces abroad before we cut rations.

Talking in public on this issue Ministers seldom hit the right note. The critical shortage of dollars is a fact which would face any government, and the public must understand the need for austerity. But gloom is not itself a spur to production or despondency a stimulus to morale. Mr. Marquand prophesies that "food rations may well be cut in half if the production drive fails." The worst of such statements, unless combined with constructive hope, is that they defeat their own object. We all know that no spurt in production now can bridge the gap between imports and exports. If food cuts come, they will not be owing to a failure of effort by the British worker, even less by the British housewife, but to factors completely outside their control. And they will not readily be persuaded that the factors are also outside the control of Ministers.

Jeremiads, moreover, play into the hands of the Housewives' League, and drive the decent non-political woman into listening to its hysterical claptrap. Sir Stafford has replied with a well-merited rebuke to an unpatriotic campaign, but his reply would have been more effective if he could have added the assurance that, if cuts have to be made, food will come last on the list.

On this point John Strachey might do well to study the technique of Lord Woolton. Whatever his qualities as a Party organiser—and Lord Beaverbrook seems to doubt them—as Food Minister, Lord Woolton succeeded in convincing the British housewife that he represented her personally in the Cabinet. True, his job was far easier than Mr. Strachey's. He had lend-lease food to distribute; all the press was on his side, and his Ministry was staffed with experts, many of whom have since returned to private enterprise. But there is still a lesson to be learnt: that the prime duty of a Minister of Food is to win the confidence of the housewives.

Mr. Strachey's defect is his conscientious concentration on administration. He works manfully, and he assumes that his labours will tell their own tale. But in politics—especially when you are faced by a largely hostile press—virtue is never its own reward. The Minister of Food has a fine record of achievement in the face of appalling difficulties: to tell it would be a far better incentive to production than the "Work or Want" campaign, and a far better answer to the propaganda of the Housewives' League.

How many housewives, for instance, know of the remarkable successes achieved by the Ministry through bulk purchase of wheat, sugar, and meat? By striking shrewd bargains last year on a rising market, Mr. Strachey has saved the country many millions of pounds and ensured a regular flow of imports at prices far below the prevailing level. The ground-nuts scheme in Central Africa is now receiving its merited publicity. But we doubt whether many housewives, who complain of rising prices, realise exactly what it would cost them to buy their weekly rations in America or what their problem would be if, instead of queueing in England, they had to shop on the free market in Paris or Rome.

But we cannot live by rations alone. Most housewives, however reluctantly, admit the advantages of rationing, including bread rationing. Most accept the desirability of canteen and school meals by which millions of workers and children are ensured a good midday meal. Their complaints are chiefly about the scarcity and price of unrationed foods. They blame the Minister for wasting dollars on luxury fruits and expensive vegetables and for not controlling the prices.

Here again the facts are all on Mr. Strachey's side—if only they were known. In the last fifteen months, over two-thirds of the fruit imported into this country consisted of apples, bananas, oranges, grapefruit and lemons, purchased in bulk by the Ministry, sold at controlled prices, and allocated fairly between the different parts of the country. Of these only the apples and grapefruit came from dollar areas. Just twenty per cent of imported fruit was sold without price control, for the most part pine-apples, peaches, tangerines, etc. from soft currency countries which could send us nothing else in return for our goods.

It is often asked why the Minister does not take over the import of all fruits and control the price of vegetables as well. Mr. Strachey would do well to explain bluntly that when goods are in very short supply—at the height of the fuel crisis, for instance, only 5 per cent of the normal supply of vegetables reached the market—price control simply sends them under the counter. The choice is between a little available at decontrolled prices and nothing available at controlled prices. Moreover, free enterprise in the sale of fruit and vegetables pays the housewife. It breaks the price rings which are bound to form under controlled private enterprise. During the winter, for instance, tangerines, which were uncontrolled, fell from eight shillings to 1*s.* 6*d.* a pound, and pineapples which started at 25*s.* each dropped to 5*s.* As a good Socialist, Mr. Strachey rightly desires either bulk purchase *and* distribution by the State or a genuine free market, subject to the laws of supply and demand. What he detests is the halfway house of control and he will be well advised to do away with it as fast as circumstances permit.

The housewife needs neither homilies to work harder nor calorific calculations to prove that she is better off than before the war. What she requires is the confidence of the Minister. He has nothing to conceal from her and she is willing to give him her confidence if he will explain to her what he is doing and why he is doing it.

Partition and the Princes

Clearly the All-India Congress Committee had to follow the Working Committee's advice and accept the British plan for the transfer of power. But the manner in which they did it last Sunday was a cheerful surprise. The text of the resolution adopted was restrained and eloquently phrased. For once it contained no reservations whatever, apart from a legitimate hope that present passions would one day subside to allow India to be united again. "Geography and the mountains and the seas fashioned India as she is, and no human agency can change that shape or come in the way of her final destiny." The appeal of good will towards the Muslim League was obvious, and effective enough probably to satisfy even Mr. Jinnah. Dissentients to the resolution could only muster 29 votes against 153, and opposition was half-hearted—mainly coming from a few of the extreme Congress Socialists and Hindu nationalists. Among the leaders there was sadness, but all, including Gandhi, were in full support, indicating that on the Congress side at least there will be a tolerant approach to the difficulties arising out of the establishment of two Dominions by August. Now the anxiety switches to what the Princes will do. It is unreasonable to expect them to choose whether to associate with Hindustan or Pakistan until the boundaries are more sharply defined, and until they can make their decision without being accused of taking sides in the communal conflict. But certainly it is premature for any of them to be opting for outright independence, as Travancore and Hyderabad have already done. The Travancore Prime Minister, by his action, has aroused antagonism internally and externally, and it is doubtful whether the independence of his State can be maintained for many weeks after the British have gone. Hyderabad, with its enormous population and territory, is in a different case and will hold out longer. To prevent further defections, however, it seems as though a sharp and immediate warning is due from the British Government that absolutely no assistance of any kind will be given to non-co-operating States. That, combined with the political and economic dependence of the States on British India, should be sufficient to deter other would-be aspirants for disintegration.

Mr. Wallace Returns

For a man who has been so often buried by the political pundits, Mr. Wallace shows surprising vitality. During his recent visit to England, a chorus of those in this country, who should have known better, and those in America, who did know better, mocked him as a man who represented nobody and nothing. We await their apologies as they watch the spectacular success of Mr. Wallace's journey across the U.S. Nearly a quarter of a million people flocked to hear him denounce the Truman doctrine. Mr. Wallace's appeal to the uneasy conscience of America is certainly one of the factors leading to the Marshall speech. In suggesting that America's surplus should be spent on something like lend-lease terms, the Administration is stealing some of Mr. Wallace's clothes while he was bathing in the applause of the West. The Democratic machine is alarmed, and there are signs that the liberal wing of the Democratic party is reviving from its pessimistic apathy. A small pointer, for instance, is the victory of a supporter of Mr. Wallace over the Administration's nominee in a party primary in Washington. Optimists may still hope to reform the Democratic party from within and to break the running partnership of Republicans and Democrats. That, however, depends on the liberals first settling their internal quarrels. Mr. Wallace now suggests that unless this partnership with the Republicans is broken, a new party may be formed to contest the elections next year. But no attempt to form a third party will be made, Mr. Wallace was at pains to point out, unless the liberals fail to make headway inside the existing parties. Possibly, the main purpose of Mr. Wallace's threat was to remind the Democratic managers that he is still a power in the party and that he could be an effective nuisance to them next year if they ignore him and his supporters.

The Cost of Living

The new retail prices index is to start from this month, and the first calculation will be published in August. The 2,500,000 workers whose wages are at present determined by the movements of the old cost-of-living index will need to have their agreements redrafted so as to follow the new index or to give up the system of automatic wage-adjustments in accordance with price-changes. The new index, which is based on the "budget inquiry" of 1937-8, is only an interim one, as it is not thought practicable at present to work out any satisfactory weighting of expenditure on the different items that will stand for the future, and the pre-war weighting, though much more realistic than the old index, is already out of date. From the Government's point of view the advantage of the new index is that it will be a great deal less sensitive than the old to changes in retail food prices, as food sinks from a weighting of 60 to one of 35 per cent of the total. Any cut in the existing food subsidies will have a proportionately smaller effect on the new index, and may therefore be less provocative of wages demands—or so, at any rate, the Government presumably hopes. Items not covered at all by the old index have a weighting of 24—that is, about a quarter—in the new, which is much more closely adjusted to the normal expenditure of fairly well-to-do wage-earning households, whereas the old index had come to reflect better the situation of the poorest families. No attempt will be made officially to link the two indexes by calculating according to the new formula the rise in living costs since 1939. The old index shows a rise of less than one-third since September 1939—which is a long way below the truth.

Railway Wages

The railway companies are standing by at the Court of Inquiry on railway wages, ready to answer questions, but refusing to make any direct reply to the unions' case for an all-round advance of £1 a week. They have taken the longest possible time over the preliminary stages of negotiation; and they had hoped to spin the thing out a good deal longer by passing it through all the successive stages of the existing cumbersome machinery for negotiation. This Mr. Isaacs has short-circuited by setting up a Court under Part II of the Industrial Courts Act. This Court can make only a recommendation, and not an award; but presumably the companies, with public ownership right ahead, will do what the Court recommends. The problem is not too easy. Railwaymen, on the whole, are much better paid in relation to other industries than they were a generation ago; but they still are not well paid, and Mr. Benstead, of the N.U.R., was able to produce evidence of a considerable drift away from the railway service, even among established workers, while the R.C.A. could show that railway clerks and officials are worse off than, say, postal or Civil Service workers in comparable positions. The difficulty of course is that an advance for so large a group as the railwaymen will be bound to have repercussions elsewhere, and might set going a general round of wage demands. That, however, cannot be a good reason for keeping railway wages well below what many men could easily get elsewhere, or for refusing to give the more highly skilled workers—who cannot easily shift to other industries—a return corresponding to their skill and responsibility.

TO THE HAVE-NOTS!

You need no longer beg, borrow or steal your friend's copy of this paper, or monopolise the club or library copy if you are prepared to lay down an honest sixpence regularly on your newsagent's counter. He can now, and until further notice, accept your definite order. By the same token the Publisher can accept postal subscriptions—32*s.* 6*d.* yearly to any address.

Tell your friends, please

Building Incentives

The building operatives, with the weight of tradition behind them, still refuse to accept the principle of output bonuses. If they are to have wage advances, they argue, there must be increases in time rather than piece rates. There are so many factors, from the weather to irregular supplies, that it is impossible to follow the model of a factory in standardising the rate of construction. The principle of payment by results would, they argue, open the door to considerable differences in earnings for men doing similar work. All the same, the union leaders know that many private contractors are illegally giving bonuses to their men and securing improved output. As long as Regulation 56AB remains in force, local authorities—who are, after all, responsible for most building at the moment—cannot provide any other than the normal incentives. The cancellation of that Regulation by the Minister of Works would be a courageous step. It is not easy to work out a fair and practicable bonus system, but possible discrepancies in wages in an interim period should not be made an excuse for maintaining an artificial check on the housing programme. The Government should be firm on this point, but should make another effort to persuade the union leaders to help in the preparation of a new wage scheme. The rate of building is still far too slow and if bonuses are part of the answer, we must have bonuses, if only as a temporary measure. It is a lot to ask from the building unions, one of the firmest groups in its faith in trade practices. But we need the houses.

World Trade Unions in Conference

The Executive of the World Federation of Trade Unions, meeting in Prague last week, had to take note of attacks on trade union rights of association and bargaining in a good many parts of the world, including, besides the United States, a number of Latin American countries, and elsewhere, Greece, China and Persia among others. The main task of the meeting was the formulation for presentation to Uno of a six-point Charter, embodying demands for full employment, equal pay, no social discrimination, equality of treatment for immigrant workers, suppression of trusts and monopolies, and higher living standards, especially in backward countries. The British delegates, with one eye on the Labour Government, found themselves in some difficulty on a resolution on Africa, though they agreed with most of its clauses. The parts they regarded as impracticable asked for uniform social services for home countries and colonial areas, and for the establishment of medical services in all establishments employing more than fifty workers. The former demand is, indeed, clearly quite impracticable owing to the widely different conditions and the existence here of a contributory system which could not possibly be applied in colonial areas; and the second would break down for want of trained personnel, even apart from any consideration of cost. The delegates of the French, Belgian and other national trade union groups appear to have approved these proposals; but one wonders how much practical effect they are expected to have. They savour more of anti-imperialist propaganda than of any real endeavour to devise practicable measures of colonial reform.

PARLIAMENT: Ireland and Motor Cars

Wednesday

An unusually large number of Members postponed long week-ends to hear the second reading of the Northern Ireland Bill last Friday. It was an innocuous little measure, designed to enable the Northern Ireland Government to imitate the Mother Parliament in its excursions into the control of transport and health services; and also to act for the first time in happy concert with Eire in public utility schemes operating on both sides of the border. But no one cared what the Bill was about, except George Oliver who had to move it and who expounded its details with the air of Sir Francis Drake playing bowls at Plymouth Hoe. As soon as he had done, the Bing boys swept on to the stage, with a supporting cast of 200, to institute an inquiry into democracy in Northern Ireland. The indictment, ably framed by Bing, was on three counts: the Special Powers Act is used to terrorise political opponents, religious discrimination is fostered as an active policy and the electoral system is rigged in favour of the Unionists. When Bing sat down without moving the Amendment there were jeers from the Opposition and protests from his own benches, where worthy and respectable Government supporters, previously unshaken by Ernie Bevin or the size of the Armed Forces, ran distractedly up and down demanding to know "how we can vote against this monstrous thing."

The rest of the debate followed the time-honoured course of Irish politics—charge and countercharge, passion and humour. Sir Hugh O'Neill read a carefully prepared speech slightly disorganised by the non-appearance of the Amendment, Mulvey hurled election statistics, McIntee confessed to being a renegade member of an Orange institution which hurled stones, Sir Ronald Ross protested the loyalty of Northern Ireland and Delargy finished with a grand slam calculated to destroy all Irish Unionists for all time. After this, the Father of the House could only fall back on mild nostalgic reminiscences of old Irish Nationalist Members of whom he was reminded by Delargy's "great personal charm and . . . his not having been quite sure of the time at which he had undertaken to sit down." More reminiscences from Chuter Ede, and every one went home happy that the wrongs of Northern Ireland had been thoroughly ventilated.

Highlights of the remaining stages of the Finance Bill in Committee were the Entertainment and Car taxes. As usual, Sir Alan Herbert demanded a relief for theatres and, as usual, it was refused. Herbert, for once, failed to come off, losing himself in a maze of figures and offering an easy target for the Chancellor. Henn Levy made the most sensible contribution, pointing out that Entertainment tax could be avoided altogether by forming non-profit-making companies. There the matter ended with Herbert defeated by his own arithmetic and the obscure conviction of Raymond Blackburn that private enterprise must be trusted to play the game, although he doubted that it would.

On the Car tax came the announcement by the Chancellor that from January, 1948, a flat-rate tax of £10 a year would be paid on all new cars. As an offset to the loss of revenue new cars costing more than £1,000 will pay a double purchase tax. This ingenious arrangement was welcomed on two grounds. The Treasury will lose no revenue now and only lose it gradually in the future; and yet the object of divorcing design from taxation, and so encouraging British exports to compete with American in the middle range of cars, has been achieved—to say nothing of the possibility that the 14 and 16-horsepower may be the English popular cars of the future instead of the 8s and the 10s. In the discussion preceding the new departure, Christopher Shawcross had somewhat heavily moved a new clause on similar lines, and Sir Peter Bennett had treated the House to a stimulating history of the British motor industry.

In the meanwhile the score of Government defeats in the Transport Bill in the Lords reached eight. Almost most of the new amendments will be disputed in the Commons and returned once more to the Upper House, the prospects of an early rising for the summer recess recede daily, and the chances of open warfare grow in strength.

PHINEAS TERTIUS

EUROPE AND MR. MARSHALL

Some newspapers have dealt with Mr. Marshall's speech as if it were a firm offer of 5,000 million dollars a year for the reconstruction of Europe. On this assumption the only snag is the still dubious attitude of the U.S.S.R. If, it is suggested, Russia continues its polemics and refuses co-operation, then we must get on at once with restoring the western half of a divided Europe. If, on the other hand, the U.S.S.R. co-operates, there is an immediate chance, as Mr. Bevin suggested, of working together, not politically, but "functionally" in building power stations and factories, rehabilitating agriculture, and thus beginning to create a united and potentially prosperous Europe.

It would be pleasant if the matter were so simple. Unfortunately Mr. Marshall has made no offer and could not make one. Owing to the separation of the powers in the American Constitution, no U.S. statesman can do more than fly a kite. It is hard to guess the chances of Congress accepting Marshall's scheme in anything like its entirety. In favour of acceptance we may list a number of important factors. The majority of the American public still clings to the hope of Uno, and dislikes the sterility of the Truman doctrine; in informed circles there is increasing realisation that military and economic aid to the present Government of Greece, for instance, means for America, as it meant for Britain, pouring money down a bottomless drain. The prospect appeals neither to the conscience nor to the business sense of the United States, which is alarmed about the prospect of a "recession," if not of a "slump," and is now uneasily aware that Henry Wallace was talking common sense, not Communism, when he urged that salvation lay in the use of the vast surplus of American industry on constructive schemes in countries that could not now repay in dollars.

To offset these hopeful factors we must notice the signs that bi-partisan foreign policy is no longer assured. Mr. Vandenburg has given the Marshall proposals a general, if cautious, blessing, but Mr. Truman's quarrel with Mr. Taft suggests that a Republican Congress will only with difficulty be persuaded to advance huge sums of money for constructive purposes. Congress is economy-minded and has sliced great chunks off the Budget. The Presidential election is next year, and Republican managers will hesitate before giving Mr. Truman the kudos of carrying through a world economic policy with Republican support. They may prefer to do so rather than incur the world odium of defeating it. No one, however, can prophesy. Much no doubt depends on the response in Europe. But we must prepare our minds for the possibility at least that Congress will whittle down the generous terms to driblets for countries which earn the approval of Congress. Congress may also be tempted to tie on to any dollar offer unacceptable political tags.

Mr. Bevin rightly welcomed Marshall's speech and set out to devise a plan in Paris. The Soviet attitude is still quite uncertain. We must not pay too much attention to the dialectical polemics of *Pravda*. The official Communist organ continues, as was to be expected, its Leninist analysis of the situation for the benefit of Communists throughout the world. It argues that Mr. Marshall's speech is merely Mr. Truman's doctrine in a more attractive rig. American arms still go to Greece and Turkey, and Mr. Truman is even now organising "hemispheric defence" against Russia and including Canada in his strategic plans. From the theoretical Communist angle, Mr. Marshall's proposal is merely another, more subtle, method of using dollars rather than armies to support Capitalism against Communism.

We are not concerned here to discuss how far this Marxist analysis is true. Our point is that we have to assume this Soviet interpretation of events just as we have to assume that America, in offering co-operation with the U.S.S.R., is also thinking how best to combat the world trend towards Socialism. Yet, for reasons that are at once practical and propagandist, Mr. Marshall makes his proposals. Similarly, the Soviet Union, for practical and political reasons, will not, we hope, refuse the invitation extended to Mr. Molotov. Significantly, Moscow is now referring, with some approbation, to the European Economic Commission, which is one of the few Uno organisations on which Russia sits side by side with the other Powers. This Commission has just issued a most opportune survey of Europe's tragically urgent needs. If Moscow agrees to consider the Marshall proposals, through this existing machinery, it will be difficult for the other Powers to refuse. Indications from Paris are that some experts preferred new, specialised Commissions, fearing that, on the European Economic Commission, the U.S.S.R. would again introduce a political argument that would stultify economic progress. Another way of stating the point would perhaps be that some people, who hope to go ahead in rebuilding Western Europe on the terms that win American dollars, may fear that working with the U.S.S.R. would involve concessions of a type that Congress would dislike. But such arguments have not carried the day in view of the necessity of Soviet participation—a necessity which is paramount in France, with its close Soviet ties.

Britain, as usual, finds herself in a complex position between the two extreme views. Emotionally Mr. Bevin may agree with those who rejoice in the possibility of building Western Europe without the endless patience required in further negotiations with the U.S.S.R. In practice, however, he cannot take such a view. Pledged to a Socialist reconstruction of the British Zone in Germany, he is also aware that there is no assurance that the proposed American dollars will be forthcoming in any acceptable form, and that Britain cannot afford to discard her contact with any part of Europe. For us integration with the economy of Europe is vital, and Europe in this sense means more than close agreement with France and Be-Ne-Lux—a phrase which denotes, not a new line of advertising, but closer union between Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. Our dollar shortage has led us to make substantial headway with trade agreements with Eastern Europe. From Poland and Hungary we hope to receive substantial quantities of animal feeding-stuffs and useful additions to our meagre human rations. Further, Mr. Harold Wilson's trade talks with the U.S.S.R. seem to be progressing well. We can afford some machinery in exchange for timber and cereals. Russia holds out the hope of exporting as much as three million tons of wheat. These are factors that Mr. Bevin must bear in mind when he hears easy talk of disregarding Eastern Europe. We cannot be sure of Russian wheat, it is true; even if Russia can export it, it may use it as a card in a political game. But then, we cannot be sure of the dollars; they, too, may win a trick in American politics.

Surveying these factors, we see the political tendencies and economic needs are not in step. America may decide to save her own economy and start Europe on the way to recovery by a policy that her politicians have recently denounced. Russia may decide that the economic advantages of dollar aid, which she so desperately needs, would offset what she may regard (mistakenly in our view) the political dangers of co-operation. Britain has everything to gain from the Marshall proposal, if it matures, on condition that she does not break her new and hopeful contacts with Eastern Europe. Mr. Bevin has a delicate and crucial role to play. On him may depend whether Mr. Marshall's constructive statesmanship has, in the end, the effect of uniting or finally dividing Europe.

FRENCH DEMOCRACY

(This is the first of two articles from a Special Correspondent)

Few events since Vichy have given us a clearer insight into the political state of the French nation than the wave of wild-cat strikes which developed from a minor stoppage at the Renault Works in Billancourt into the paralysis of the French railway system. All the elements are there: frustration, despair, enthusiasm, intelligence, fortitude, and cowardice in an apparently inextricable amalgam. They contain the fundamental condemnation of the Third Republic and the conditions essential for the upholding of the Fourth. They are the real crisis of regime with which so many Frenchmen are obsessed.

It is too easy to say that all that France requires is the reintegration of national unity after the civil war between Vichy and the Resistance. In a country as conscious of its class structure and antagonisms as this one, national unity is scarcely possible under parliamentary democracy. What is possible is reasonable compromise. The National Council of Resistance, uniting from 1944 to 1946 all the parties of the Resistance in a common programme, proved that. But the Council is dead, leaving no issue.

Does this mean that civil war will break out again between Left and Right, between the successors of the Resistance and of Vichy? Must civic peace be purchased at the cost of right-wing dictatorship under de Gaulle or left-wing dictatorship under Thorez? Is parliamentary democracy no longer thinkable in France?

There are suggestive parallels with 1849 and 1875. Now, as then, the conservative forces of France look obstinately for a resurrection of the past; and if de Gaulle is not to play Louis Napoleon, history may well see him as another MacMahon. At least two-thirds of the deputies elected to the Assemblies of the Fourth Republic have their minds fixed firmly on the practice and the precedents of the Third. The disarming and disbanding of the *Franc-Tireurs et Partisans* (the Communist *maquisards*) and their subsequent exclusion from spheres of authority have unhappy echoes, in however minor and subdued a key, of the destruction of the Commune. Now, as then, the centre groups have tried to hold the balance in the interests of bourgeois capitalism.

The recent strikes provide valuable keys to understanding. Essentially they are symptoms of the undue economic strain placed upon the urban working-class since the Liberation. It is broadly true that prices have continued to rise over the last three years at a rate far in excess of the rise in the level of wages. The two major adjustments in wages that the *Confédération Générale du Travail* has wrested from reluctant governments were each swallowed up almost at once in steeply rising prices. Where the French middle and richer peasant has grown accustomed during and since the occupation to eating more of his own produce and living on a standard higher than satisfied him before the war, the French worker, skilled or unskilled, has found life increasingly difficult. He is seldom unemployed; but because of the shortage of fuel, power, and raw materials he is seldom fully employed either; even when he is, his wages buy progressively less.

Even so, the French working-class has combined in bringing the average level of industrial production up to that of the bad year of 1938, and, in some isolated cases, where raw materials have not been lacking, up to that of the good year of 1939.

Until the wild-cat strike at Billancourt almost no industrial plant had lain idle through the fault of the workers employed by it. It was the policy of the C.G.T. that production must be restored before life could be made easier. Loans were secured from the United States and, on a much smaller scale, from Great Britain. The import of essential raw materials was pushed forward. Constant diplomatic pressure was exerted for more coal, the greatest condition of French recovery. It seemed that there was every chance of creating the conditions necessary for the long-term compromise between bourgeoisie and working-class, and between town and country, that would gradually enable the reintegration of French society in a new republican structure.

Then the Communists left the Government and the wave of strikes began. Almost at once the whole trembling framework of republican legality seemed threatened with disaster. This threat remains. The professional anti-Communists here and abroad have lost no time in proving a link of cause and effect between the departure of the Communists and the beginning of the strikes, but this is to misunderstand, wilfully or not, the simplest truth about France to-day.

Whatever mistakes the Communists have made—and they have made a great many—they have never allowed themselves to lose sight of their overall objective: to safeguard the economic independence—and thus the political freedom—of a weakened France against the inroads of American and British capital by a rapid and efficient reconstruction of French industry and agriculture. This over-riding aim appears to have taken precedence over all the others, no doubt because it is a condition for all the others. If more directly political objectives had been preferred, and the productivity of France allowed to slump along at the level of two years ago or little better, there could be no real hope of preventing the economic domination which the United States and Great Britain are fast on their way to obtaining in Italy. Production was everything. The rest would follow.

This accent on national independence may seem to come strangely from the Communists; yet it flows logically from the profoundly national character of the Resistance and the place which the Communists took in French life during the years of occupation. The French working-class to-day would seem to have achieved something of the same comprehension of national necessities as the Jacobins showed during the Revolution. Pronouncements by French Communists reflect this change. Thorez has declared that "there are other roads to Socialism than that followed by the Russian Communists." Writing lately in *Démocratie Nouvelle*, a Communist party journal which discusses doctrine, Duclos drew a parallel between the French Revolution and the Revolution of October 1917. "The French Revolution dominated the history of the 19th Century and feudal regimes were obliged to give way to the power of bourgeois capitalism. But it may be noted that if these changes were more or less different according to circumstances"—and here comes the point—"nowhere did the bourgeoisie adopt exactly the same means as those used by the Jacobins."

The Communists did not want a wave of strikes. They feel too strongly that their path to power must lie through the assertion of French independence and the rights of the working-class as the nation's foremost producers. A wave of strikes would run dead against the realisation of these aims. But they have been unable to continue holding popular discontent in check. The people are fed up and have gone on strike. They will go on strike again unless conditions improve. The Communists condemned the strikes; but once they saw that condemnation would not suffice they swung round to an attitude of support that would enable them to maintain union discipline. Any other attitude would have resulted, not of course in the resumption of Socialist control of the unions as many Socialists fondly imagined, but in the anarchy hoped for by the Anarcho-Syndicalists and the Trotskyists. Had the Communists remained in the Government the strikes would have been less important; they would still have taken place.

The great compromise of the Fourth Republic then, seems threatened by an economic war between the industrial working-class and the rest of the nation. The peasants withhold their food from the towns; the middle-class combines to oppose the Communists who represent the overwhelming majority of the urban workers. The Fourth Republic totters; the splendid hopes of the Liberation are sullied by despair and bitterness. This is the background for the interplay of party politics; and it is this interplay, more than any high-sounding appeals to national unity which is no unity, or violent excommunications hurled by one part of the community at another, which may in the end save French democracy.

A LONDON DIARY

The Tory exhibition at Dorland Hall has all the atmosphere of a discreet sideshow at a village fête, carefully prepared after months of work by the vicar's daughters. And there, in the entrance, were the bright and cheerful girls to meet me. Beautifully dressed, as all girls should be when they run charities, they charged me a shilling to go in and another for a programme. Being Saturday morning in the lunch hour it was naturally a busy time and so I had no complaint at being badly jostled by the other three people also having a look round. One was a middle-aged housewife rather puzzled by the inscriptions on the walls; the second was a gentleman from the City transfixed with amazement by the amateur actors doing a telephone conversation about timber controls; while the third was saying to a bored organiser, "the trouble is all these pseudo-intellectuals who will go on voting Labour. What can you do about them?" The answer is, I presume, in the exhibition: you simply turn some facts upside down and leave out all the rest. The stopping of lend-lease, the war, the loss of overseas investments have no relevance to our present economic position: it's all the wicked Socialists. It was a surprise to learn, too, that all the work for the improvement of industrial conditions during the last 100 years has been done by the Tories fighting bitterly against reactionary left-wing economists. And what a pity the naughty Labour Government put a stop to the mammoth programme of houses for the people that the Conservatives had been pursuing with such vigour for the last two decades! Eagerly I looked, after the introduction on the horrors of Socialism and the virtues of Conservatism, for what the Tories were going to do about it. But that was all—only a trailer and a reference to the "Industrial Charter," but no exhibition. Mr. MacMillan must be on the wrong track when he accuses the practical Lord Beaverbrook of gunning for the exhibition because he is a reactionary. He is just a realist.

* * *

I gather that the row about the Dorland Hall exhibition is only part of a much larger dispute between Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Woolton. The Beaver regards the Conservative "Industrial Charter" as highfallutin' pap, a typical product of pale-faced intellectuals, like R. A. Butler and his minion, David Eccles, which will cut no ice with the real red-blooded business men of the Party, who contribute the funds and believe in the Empire, free enterprise and all that. Is it too far-fetched to conclude that the fight between the trade unionists and the intellectuals when Labour was in the doldrums after 1931 has its counterpart within the Conservative Party to-day? If the comparison is fair, it is Lord Beaverbrook who is playing Ernie Bevin, Rab Butler is Stafford Cripps, with Lord Woolton as a Tory version of Herbert Morrison in charge of the Party machine. Judging from the *Express* and the *Standard*, which

have quite suddenly changed their lines, the directive is to play up Churchill as the true Tory leader and to pour scorn on every other prominent Conservative (with the exception of course of Beverley Baxter and Brendan Bracken), and to discomfort Lord Woolton by praising the Labour Party for being more Empire-minded than he is. Lord Beaverbrook obviously realises that if the political leadership passes to Mr. Eden, and Lord Woolton keeps his grip on the machine, then his own political career is finished. It remains to be seen whether he will be any more successful in this campaign than he was in his attempt to get rid of Mr. Baldwin. On that occasion he had Lord Rothermere to help him. This time the *Daily Mail* seems to be playing safe.

* * *

Reading the Smuts-Nehru correspondence just released and too little publicised, makes me wonder how long it will take South Africa to realise that India is no longer a subject nation; or an offshoot of the rather tiresome Indians who agree with the Whites that Transvaal and Natal are pleasant places in which to settle down and trade. In answer to a polite suggestion from Nehru that South Africa might now begin to give effect to the Uno resolution about the treatment of Indians in the Dominion, Smuts was decidedly upstage. Carefully avoiding direct reference to the Uno resolution he remarked that the Union Government have been wanting to talk things over for some time, but unfortunately, as the Indians had taken their High Commissioner away, it had not been possible. Would they kindly send him back again and they would see what could be done? In answer, Nehru administered a dignified snub. He begins by pointing out that the absence of a High Commissioner is hardly a serious obstacle to anyone anxious to arrive at a satisfactory solution (and refrains from adding that it was precisely because the Union Government were so averse to having one that the High Commissioner was recalled in the first place!). Consequently he proposes that the Union should make a start by accepting the Uno verdict and agreeing to co-operate on that basis. As soon as that has been done, he would be very pleased to see any representatives Smuts might care to send to India to talk matters over; or if South Africa had any other suggestions for a meeting place, India would make no objection. In the meanwhile, no High Commissioner without improvement. He concludes by pointedly underlining India's adherence to Uno and asking for an early reply. That was on May 6; so far, nothing more has been heard.

* * *

A friend who has just returned from Brussels points out that Belgium, which got its gold reserve off to America before the Germans arrived, is the only country in the world which is a creditor of America and has large and growing foreign investments. It is more expensive than New York and the food and drink in the big hotels and restaurants are better. There is no unemployment but a serious labour shortage. The streets are full of new American motor-cars, and the shops of luxury imports whose price staggers the unfortunate Tommy on leave from Germany: and the night clubs are full of business men with plenty of money to spend. Rationing still goes on but the Black Market has become a free market and food is abundant—at a price. But despite all this, Brussels, unlike Paris, has really got back to pre-war "normalcy" and the English business men who crowd in the foyers of the big hotels must be saying to themselves, "There, it is what London could be like under a sensible government!"

* * *

True, if we hadn't spent £300,000,000 last year in foreign commitments and had decided to go back to 1939, London could have looked as prosperous—though never as gay—as Brussels to a casual visitor. But, actually, Belgium may quite soon become an object lesson in how *not* to do it. Imports are 30 per cent in excess of exports, and prices are rising even faster than in America. Everyone admits that when the sellers' market ends, Belgian exports will slump catastrophically. Already the Diamond Bourse in Antwerp is beginning to feel the pinch after a 40 per cent fall in prices since January, caused chiefly by American sales resistance. My friend tells me that the Socialist Ministers with whom he talked were extremely alarmed. Despite the warnings of De Brouckère and of a few others, the Party has decided to stay in a Government dominated by the business men of the Catholic and Liberal Parties; and if a slump comes, it will share responsibility with them. The Communists, on the other hand, went into opposition just before the Cabinet crisis in France.

* * *

I learn from a friend that an especially mean reaction was displayed by moralists to a proposal that prisoners serving sentences of a certain minimum length shall have their insurance cards stamped free of charge while they are in prison. It was opposed even by some of the delegates at the annual meeting of the National Association of Prison Visitors. Prisoners, they apparently thought, should make up their own insurance arrears when they came out of prison. (This is impossible, by the way, in the case of unemployment stamps, and an ex-prisoner looking for a job always has an unstamped card to explain.) The consequences to a poor man of being uninsured, even at present, need to be experienced to be believed: under the Beveridge Act they will be much more disabling. It's an odd lapse of the imagination, this insistence that nothing should be free in prison that has to be paid for outside. Like most moralisations, it is selective; it makes no demand that a prisoner shall pay for his food or go without, and it has had to consent to his living rent free, because an ejectment order for non-payment would be just what he wanted. If we wish to enable ex-prisoners to lead useful lives, we must give them the chance to do so. Under the forthcoming Act, a man with an unstamped card will be virtually an outlaw.

* * *

I was too late last week to comment on the Birthday Honours List. It was unusually considerate and unconventional. Robertson Scott, who has done so much to introduce the countryman to the townsman, and James Bone, who has introduced so many countrymen to London, are just the right kind of people to recognise in this way. Malcolm Sargent and Laurence Olivier are both properly, though tardily, honoured. Thank goodness the Government has at last broken the silly tradition that has prevented official recognition of anyone smelling, however remotely, of the divorce court.

* * *

A small correction. I said last week that Ernest Simon was a Director of the *Manchester Guardian*. I learn that I am out of date. He was a Director from 1932 to 1938. The correction would hardly be worth making, were it not that Lord Simon of Wythenshawe is now a member of the Labour Party, for which the *Manchester Guardian* has been displaying an increasingly tepid enthusiasm.

* * *

I think the press is altogether too grudging in recognising the remarkable quality of recent British broadcasting. Given half a chance—which is more than we have—broadcasting could really, I believe, be the instrument by which what has usually been called culture (implying a privileged attitude) could be popularised, without being vulgarised, and knowledge about public affairs could be spread, without being cheapened. Through the B.B.C. the general public might discover its lost heritage. Take four recent examples from the Home Service. No one, whose capacity for appreciation has not been destroyed by his education, could have helped discovering from the Chaucer broadcast that followed James Stephens on the *Enjoyment of Living* that literature is not an examination subject but one of the supreme enjoyments. Listening to Priestley on "Sevenpenny Teas" he might have discovered that fun is an attitude of mind which can still be found, even if high tea now costs more than sevenpence. Peter Scott's talk last Sunday night was so exhilarating a sermon that if I were a bishop I'd give up expecting people to go to church when they want to know how to get the best out of life. And immediately after followed a true rescue drama from the great tradition of the coal mines, far more exciting and moving than any of the usual battle heroics. Here, I said to myself, is the key to popular education. History, drama, literature and clear thinking, available to everyone without patronage or privilege!

* * *

The little market town is only an hour and a half from London and I am not suggesting that there is nothing modern in it. The shop that keeps electric gadgets is positively streamlined. But all the conversations on Saturday morning suggested a growing nostalgia for an earlier age. As I went in to get my tomato plants from a girl, who shows a care for them that others show for babies, I fell into conversation with the blacksmith. In between blows that shaped the piece of a plough he was repairing, he said he had too much work nowadays because no one can get spare parts and every one has to be mended. "A good job," I said, "and independent." "Yes," he agreed, "but none of the young men will do it. They don't like hard work." He had done it all his life and liked it. Across the road the jeweller showed me a seventeenth-century watch of exquisite workmanship. How exquisite you could not tell until you opened the back and studied the parts that usually only a watchmaker sees. All his family for generations have been watchmakers; it had been made by his great-great-grandfather. And then I called at a saddler's, who was repairing a basket for me with leather because, as he explained, there was no longer a basket-maker about. There might be one in a village some miles away—he wasn't sure if the old fellow still carried on. There used to be two in the town, and in those days ten men were making harness, and now there was only him and one other. Two elderly countrymen were watching him at work. One of them chimed in to describe how there used to be osier beds not far off that kept a man busy cleaning them out. Quite a flourishing trade, basket-making used to be then, he said. And then the other man broke out cursing all machinery. Too much of it, he said. They wasted so much nowadays; when they'd cut the corn no one troubled to rake the field and they ploughed the gleanings in. I can't see that we're any forrader, he said. Perhaps if things got worse we'd go back to horses. As he spoke a farm gig driven by a girl with a shawl over her head came down the street. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Patricia C. W. Young.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Mr. Mackins' full name is Urban District William Mackins. He was given these names because on the night he was born—April 6th, 1897—his father, Mr. W. C. Mackins, was re-elected to the Walmer Urban District Council and his father marked this event by christening his son "Urban District!"—Report in *East Kent Mercury*.

Atom bombers over London on good-will mission. —*Evening Standard*.

The Diagnosis of the Acute Abdomen in Rhyme. By Zeta . . . Abdominal catastrophes recounted in verse.—Advert. in *British Medical Journal*.

The co-respondent in a divorce case here to-day was stated by the judge to have written to the husband of the woman with whom he was associating telling him that the association was getting very expensive and that he ought to contribute.—Report in *News Chronicle*.

Said a defendant in court at Malling, Kent:
"When I tightened the wheel nuts before, I tightened them too tight, so when I went to tighten them again I thought if I didn't tighten them so tight they wouldn't be too tight, but I must have tightened them too loose."—*Evening Standard*.

Landlady . . . "She is a wicked lying cat, whose habits of rolling in the snow at a nudist camp and running naked from my house into the pouring rain are driving me ill."—From the *Evening News*.

A TRUST ON TRIAL

For the first time in history one of the largest business concerns in the world—the I.G. Farbenindustrie, the "State within the State"—is to be arraigned as a provoker of war. At Nuremberg within the next few weeks twenty-four of its heads, directors, research scientists and business executives, will be charged with war crimes, and will be called on to explain industry's part in the Nazi conspiracy.

The view is still held in some quarters that German Big Business was the unwilling executant of Nazi policy: that its aims were different from and opposed to those of Göring and his Four-Year Plan. The American-written Indictment makes it clear that each was complementary to the other. One defendant boasted:

> The development of I.G. during the last 12 years cannot be separated from the Government's foreign policy.

Another stated:

> The foremost purpose of the Nazi Government and I.G. and all other industrialists was to keep the Wehrmacht all powerful *vis-à-vis* all other countries, including the U.S.A.

The Reichsgruppe Industrie (notorious in this country for its 1939 negotiations with its opposite number, the Federation of British Industries) "exercised," says the Indictment, "Governmental powers in the planning of German mobilisation for war." Three of the I.G. defendants were members of its leading committees. Armaments Minister Speer described I.G. as "promoted to governmental status."

How did one firm come to exercise this enormous power? Formed in 1925, I.G. Farben was based on a combine, dating from 1904, of the six leading German chemical firms, with the adhesion of the leading explosive concerns. Between 1925 and 1939 this enormous concentration doubled its size. 400 German firms were under its control; coal mines, railways, coke ovens and important raw material resources were owned. Substantial shareholdings were held in over 500 foreign firms; and, what was to prove even more valuable to the Nazis and dangerous to the Allies, a secret control was exercised over foreign production by means of 2,000 cartel agreements. Book profits, excluding subsidiaries, soared from RM.71 million in 1932 to RM.571 million in 1942. But the cash benefits of Nazi rule were but a small part of the dividends of the Farben Empire.

Open and official contact with Hitler began in November, 1932, when election losses had caused a wave of depression to strike the party leaders. The Indictment states that two of the defendants visited Hitler and offered support on terms. These were that Hitler, if returned to power, should subsidise the costly experiments in synthetic petrol, which they were contemplating abandoning after years of research. With the ominous phrase that synthetic petrol "fitted into his programme," Hitler agreed.

Three months later a select company of industrialists, I.G. director Von Schnitzler and Gustav Krupp included, met at Göring's house. Hitler, now Chancellor, told them that he would seize power by force if he failed to win the forthcoming elections.

What right-wing German industrialist could resist this chance to finance an election to end elections? Certainly not the I.G. chiefs, who gave RM.400,000, the largest contribution, and the first of regular annual donations to the S.A. and S.S. Outstanding successes were rewarded by special contributions such as the million Reichsmarks which Farben's directors wired to Hitler after Munich, "for use in the Sudetenland."

The ground now clear for war preparations, Farben began a huge expansion of Government-guaranteed synthetic petrol plants, a secret magnesium factory and secret synthetic rubber research. All were in close co-operation with the Wehrmacht. In 1934 "War Games" were started to test the effects of bombing on I.G.'s factories and to train the still secret Luftwaffe. Stringent security measures were taken to prevent war plans leaking out. In 1936 a special counter-intelligence department was formed to preserve patent secrecy. The company established a military liaison agency in Berlin to co-ordinate production with the general mobilisation plan, when the day should come to change over to full war production.

Meanwhile to-morrow's enemies were "softened up" by propaganda, economic blackmail and spying. Along with millions of marks-worth of books and pamphlets glorifying the Master Race, Farben sent abroad its own "economic agents," disguised as plain business men. Military intelligence agents were placed on I.G. payrolls.

With war imminent in 1939, the concern took steps to "neutralise" its foreign subsidiaries and sales organisations. The largest American asset, the General Aniline and Film Corporation was "Americanised" in 1940.

The record of wartime collaborating European industrialists is well known. What is now more interesting is the behaviour of certain foreign concerns during the period before their own countries were involved in the war.

According to the U.S. Senate's Committee on Cartels, Duponts in 1939 assured their I.G. friends that they would not pass any patents to "enemies of the German Government"—I.C.I. being clearly in mind. Joint firms were formed in South America to take over I.G. assets "for the duration." Sterling Products, a large American chemical firm, had the ingenious idea of breaking the British blockade by shipping unlabelled pharmaceutical products to Latin America, where I.G.'s agents could affix Bayer labels.

War came and the contribution of the chemical colossus to the Nazi war machine lay in five main fields: nitrogen, synthetic oil, artificial rubber (buna), light metals and poison gas. Its factories produced 84 per cent of Germany's explosives and 95 per cent of her poison gas. The Nuremberg Indictment later summed it up:

> German tanks, artillery and armoured vehicles rolled on Farben electron metal wheels, were shod with Farben rubber and propelled by Farben synthetic gasoline. Nazi bombers were armoured with Farben aluminium and magnesium alloys, carried death loads of Farben incendiary bombs and explosives, and were fuelled by Farben high-octane aviation gasoline.

Meanwhile the economic aims of victory and world dominance were not neglected by the I.G. chiefs. In June, 1940, a New Order for the Chemical Industry was published. Claiming "leadership in Europe" and envisaging world supremacy, its thousands of pages outlined detailed plans for the liquidation or incorporation of foreign chemical industries, including that of Britain. As successive countries were taken over, Austria and Czechoslovakia first, then Poland, Norway and France, long-matured plans were put into operation. The Nuremberg Indictment throws a revealing light on the beaten French industrialists, willing to sacrifice everything but their profits.

The I.G. chiefs will not alone stand accused at Nuremberg: though not in the dock, and skilfully unincriminated in the Indictment, others besides Germany's industrialists are accessory to these crimes.

The role of certain British concerns is as yet obscure, but Senate Inquiries in the United States have established facts which show the aid which isolationist, New Deal-fighting Big Business gave to the Nazis. The anti-Fascist democracies, principally Britain, were hindered from industrial development essential to defence, and from purchasing vital munitions: the United States had its defence plans retarded to the point of crisis.

Britain's desperate magnesium situation in 1939 can be traced to the I.G. cartel agreement with the Aluminium Company of America and the Dow Chemical Company. U.S. production could not exceed 4,000 tons a year without Farben consent, while export to Europe was prohibited, except a negligible quantity to one British licensee. As late as 1941 a Dupont agreement with an I.G. subsidiary prevented the British Purchasing Mission from buying tetrazene-primed ammunition.

Synthetic rubber provided the most notorious case. On the evidence of an official report (written into the Senate's Record at the request of Mr. Truman in May, 1944) Standard Oil of New Jersey, early in 1938, in accordance with its patent agreements, handed over to I.G. full details of its synthetic rubber, butyl, important for special products. In return I.G. promised similar information about its more widely serviceable buna. But after many well-calculated delays, the latter regretted that the German Government would not allow them to disclose the information. A promise of early permission, however, was always held out. Mr. Howard, head of Standard Oil, declared that there was nothing to be done but "loyally preserve the restrictions they (I.G.) have put upon us." The reward of such loyalty came late in 1939 when the patent information was disclosed—but not the equally vital details of German manufacturing experience, the technical "know-how." That never arrived before Pearl Harbour.

Mr. Howard, at the outbreak of war, had hurried across the Atlantic to meet his I.G. associates at the Hague. There he signed what became known as the Hague Memorandum, dividing up world patent rights between the two combines. Standard received legal title to 2,000 patents previously jointly held. These facts were later brought to light by a wartime Senate Inquiry. Not least interesting was Mr. Howard's admission at the Inquiry, that it was agreed at the Hague that I.G. could claim a proportion of the profits that Standard might make out of these patents in the course of the war. Said Mr. Howard:

> The only arrangement which has to be met is a simple matter of money payments. The I.G. could claim after the war, if the contracts were still running, an accounting, and say "You made so and so much money out of these patents. . . . Under the original contract which you traded us out of in 1939 we would be entitled to a greater sum than we got. That trade you made with us in 1939 wasn't fair, and you have to pay us so and so much money." . . . That claim cannot be made during the war, for obvious reasons. . . . If made after the war I don't know what the facts would be as to it.

The Standard Oil chief went on to say that as a result of a Government-initiated judicial process all contracts with I.G. were now void. Experience after World War One, however, showed that companies which had secured enemy properties from the Alien Property Custodian on the strict undertaking not to return them to German control, did in fact evade this.

Nor can we be confident that there will be no British "shadow defendants" at Nuremberg in July. It would indeed be strange if the revealed implication of American industrialists and financiers was accompanied by a clean bill for some of their British opposite numbers.

EDMUND PENNING-ROWSELL

VISIT TO POLAND

THE first thing that strikes any visitor entering Poland from Germany, as I did a few weeks ago, is the apparent abundance of goods in the shops and markets. As soon as you pass the frontier bridge at Frankfurt-am-Oder, you can walk into a restaurant at Slubice (which used to be one-third of Frankfurt and is now the Polish frontier town), and order yourself a couponless meal of soup, roast chicken, salad, sweets and cheese, washed down with excellent beer and vodka. A few kilometres farther east, at Rypin, you come across a street market where they are selling baskets full of eggs, tins of cream, as much poultry as you like, and plenty of fresh vegetables. In every little village there are shops stocked with sweets, salami, kitchen utensils and a variety of other consumer goods not to be seen anywhere in shops in Germany.

You can, in fact, buy anything in Poland provided you have the money. Except in foreign currency and petrol, there seems to be no black market. The peasants do not hoard their stocks, but sell them through their co-operatives or, more frequently, on the free market. Everybody can buy legally and expensively in the shops, or more cheaply in the street markets. In the sense we know, there is no rationing. But all workers, all State and municipal employees, University professors and one or two other specified categories of persons are provided with special cards enabling them to buy goods at about one-fifth their cost in the free market. Bread, for instance, costs 25 zlotys a kilo in the free market. On a worker's card it costs 5 zlotys. Were it not for this provision, the cost of living in Poland would indeed be prohibitive. An average wage for a worker in Poznan is 6,000 zlotys a month. A University lecturer gets 11,000, a professor 25,000. But in the free market butter costs 230 a lb, a pair of shoes for a man costs 12,000 and a new suit 20–30,000. Chocolate, which is excellent, costs 200 zlotys for a small slab. Coffee can be had for the asking, if you are prepared to pay 1,000 a kilo for it. Lemons are 130 zlotys apiece. A visitor to Poland, eating in a restaurant or hotel, finds it costs at least 500 zlotys a meal and generally more.

Rents on the other hand are cheap. Workers in Poznan and Wroclaw (formerly Breslau) pay about 200 zlotys a month if they are living in their own rooms. If they live in flats or houses attached to the factory where they work, they pay no rent at all and in addition often receive a ton of coal for their winter heating.

This system obviously works well for those lucky enough to be included in it, but individual craftsmen, small traders, certain types of professional men, dispossessed land-owners, even students, are outside the scheme. In the case of students, however, there is a State stipend of about 1,000 zlotys a month, which is useful enough for students living at home but inadequate for the many in Poland to-day who have no home or family to fall back upon. Life for the other unprivileged classes is a very great struggle. Engineers, doctors and dentists are said to earn very well and be able to live at the free market prices, but what happens to the others is a mystery and not, one suspects, a happy mystery.

The apparent paradox of a free market and a controlled price system existing side-by-side is paralleled in almost every aspect of Polish life. Industry is half nationalised and half free. The land is State owned and controlled, but the peasants are free to buy and sell as they like. Ninety per cent of all the war damage repaired in Poznan has been carried out by private initiative, with the Bank of National Economy supplying grants up to fifty per cent of the cost of the undertaking. There is no direction of labour. Men and women are paid at equal rates and are free to choose whatever work they like. There is also no control over housing. In Poznan, where war damage amounted to 55 per cent of all buildings, overcrowding is chronic. People in repaired houses are living two to a room, and in undamaged houses four to a room. But a man can have a whole villa to himself if he can afford to run it or get it repaired. No one will be billeted on him.

Politically there is outward harmony between the Communist and Socialist parties. The Premier, Cyrankiewicz, speaking at the opening of the Poznan Fair, received a genuinely warm reception from the workaday crowds typical of modern Poland. One does not hear much open talk of Mikolayczyk. His slogans are still to be seen on walls, but opponents have frequently chalked up swastikas over them. It was noticeable during the May Day processions that the police got a special cheer, but whether this sprang from genuine enthusiasm or from an anxious desire to propitiate, it would be hard for an outsider to say. In general, one gets the impression that the discussions at Moscow over the Polish frontier have eclipsed all other political considerations and that many people support or tolerate the Government because they believe that it has the best chance of gaining support, with Russian help, for the present western frontier line. "We are not working for a party, we are working for Poland," more than one person said to me, and this is indeed the spirit they put into their daily tasks. For, there is no doubt about it the Poles are among the most hard-working people in Europe to-day.

There are not many Russians left now in Western Poland. A few weeks ago the air division, the last organised military group left in Poznan, handed over the airport to the Poles and was withdrawn to Russia. Marshal Rokossovsky still has a small garrison of fifty men in the city and one sees a certain number of Russian soldiers in transit between Russia and the west. There are, however, numerous Russian war cemeteries, all very tidily and formally laid out, generally in a conspicuous place in almost every town and village, at least along the main route from Warsaw to Berlin. Very often they have a central memorial overlooking the gravestones or a ceremonial gate carrying guns or tanks.

Feeling towards England is genuinely friendly. In Wroclaw, I discovered a travel-agency window full of pictures of England—ploughing in Surrey, a Yorkshire fishing village, homes for workers on a Nottingham housing estate, apple-picking in Kent, a cornfield in Sussex. Coming by chance on a May Day parade in a little town in the new territories east of Wroclaw I was astonished to hear the band playing "God Bless the Prince of Wales," followed by the "British Grenadiers."

Anti-semitism, once rife in Poland, seems really to have died down. Near Wroclaw I came across an apparently happy community of 13,000 Jews. Most of them had come from concentration camps in the neighbourhood and some had the numbers of Auschwitz branded on their forearms. About 7,000 worked in textile and other factories in the town of Dzierzoniow. The rest farmed in the neighbouring district and were making a great success of it. Some are waiting to emigrate, but more than 90 per cent intend to stay. A few are Zionists, but I heard of a party of 60 Jews who left the district a few months ago for transit camps in Germany and Czechoslovakia and have now applied to return to Poland. Arrangements are being made to bring them back and to settle them once more in Polish farms and villages. In the same area I also saw a Jewish children's home, where more than a hundred children, mostly orphans from the concentration camps, were living in really happy conditions, treated with all possible affection and care. But they have memories. Little boys still need to be assured that strange men visiting the home have not come to beat them, and a charming little girl of four, who took a fancy to me, suddenly turned excitedly to the matron and began to say something in Polish. The matron translated. "She says: '*Die Frau ist gut. Sie liebt Kinder.*'" I thought the remark very touching, and very unchildlike.

BETTY MORGAN

FILMS AND QUOTAS

WHEN the Cinematograph Films Act of 1938 expires next March, it will certainly be replaced by new protective legislation. In spite of the striking development of our film industry in recent years, it still stands in need of State assistance if it is to withstand the powerful competitive pressure of Hollywood. Without such aid, our cinemas would soon be swamped with American products and our own studios—which have at last discovered a really distinctive national style—would probably be driven into ruin. We would be forced, moreover, to dip more deeply into our dwindling dollar stocks. Before the war, dollar remittances on film accounts cost Britain about £7,000,000 a year. In the twelve months that ended last October we paid more than £18,000,000. For this reason, the Board of Trade is rightly drafting a new Bill designed both to limit American penetration and to consolidate the improved position of our own film producers.

But how far should the new Bill differ from the old Act? That also had the same objectives. In an admirable memorandum recently submitted to the Board of Trade by the British Film Producers' Association, it is urged that two major changes are essential. Both the Act of 1938 and its predecessor of 1927 fell back upon the quota system as a means of ensuring that at least a certain proportion of British films were shown in the cinemas of this country. This quota was imposed at two levels—on the renter and on the exhibitor. The former has been obliged to include a specified percentage—at present seventeen and a half—of British films every year in the programmes he hires out to cinemas. Similarly, the exhibitor has been liable to prosecution—though the regulation has not been rigorously applied—unless he fulfilled his quota obligations. The B.F.P.A.—which is well qualified to judge the value of this system, since its president is Mr. Rank and its members are the predominant film companies—now asks for the abolition of the renter's quota and a modified quota for exhibitors.

The memorandum makes an excellent case for these two proposals. The result of the original renter's quota was not very happy. American renting interests, which had to find a legal minimum of British films, were "bringing native production into disrepute by financing the making of poor quality, cheap and hastily made films." Industrially and financially, of course, this was more desirable than the importation of similar movies from Hollywood. But as long as such films could be used by American renters and cinema proprietors to meet their statutory requirements, genuine British producers had less chance of getting their work a decent showing than if the renter's quota had not existed. The cinema—as the B.F.P.A. sensibly realises—is not merely a commercial proposition.

> . . . the war has taught us to regard the film industry from a national, cultural and sociological point of view . . . when the war broke out, American production interests in this country closed down their manufacture here . . . American withdrawal . . . at short notice, is a possibility that cannot be discounted in the face of another national emergency . . . It is recognised to-day that the film producers' responsibilities extend beyond the limitations of commercial success and purely technical achievement. Our native film production has developed . . . marked national characteristics, lacking hitherto because of the foreign influence in production encouraged by the provisions of the renter's quota.

Such films, finally, earned currency for America and not for Britain when shown outside this country. The only good argument for the renter's quota, in fact, was that it ensured that a supply of nominally British films was forthcoming to enable the exhibitor to meet his obligations when hiring his programmes. The B.F.P.A. now believes the structural changes in the industry during the last few years—in other words, the tie-up between producer and renter—have eliminated the need for a separate intermediary quota. It concedes,

however, that the Board of Trade had no choice in the past.

What modifications are suggested in the existing quota for exhibitors? At the moment, this is assessed on the length and/or the cost of each film. But neither of these things is necessarily a criterion of quality, as many Continental and some of our own wartime productions prove. Although it is certainly desirable to increase the total output of British films—as we can as we overcome the shortage of skilled staff, materials and studio space—and to secure for them a growing proportion of screen time at the expense of costly and often trashy American productions, it is useless to concentrate on quantity alone. Before the war, more than two hundred long British films were registered annually with the Board of Trade compared with a wartime average of fifty a year. But does anyone suggest that our film industry was more healthy in the late 'thirties than it has been in recent years, in spite of the great technical difficulties it has had to face? The purpose of new legislation must be, at least in this period of transition, to encourage films of high quality which have a good earning power both at home and abroad.

The B.F.P.A. wishes to abandon the old length and cost quota. In its place, an entirely new system is proposed. First, a distinction should be drawn between First and Second Features. In every six-monthly period—the aim of the short period is to prevent exhibitors meeting their obligations in the weeks when attendances are always at their lowest—each cinema should show at least eight British First Features, and four Second features in a total of twenty-six programmes. This new quota, it is suggested, could be varied from time to time at the discretion of the Board of Trade. As a corollary, it should be more strictly enforced than its predecessors since

> . . . there are exhibitors whose cinemas have made good profits and have been free from competition for years. They would experience no difficulty in booking good British pictures and could easily satisfy their quota obligations. But they consistently book cheap American pictures because they are plentiful and can be obtained at low rents,

The Board of Trade would be given discretion to release from the quota any cinema which specialised in foreign language films or which is so situated near houses belonging to the big circuits that it cannot run the same British features without serious financial hardship.

Technical though this argument may seem, the issue is vital to the cultural and economic future of our film industry. There has been ample criticism in the last two years of Mr. Rank's monopoly position. Now, in this memorandum, he and his colleagues have shown that they have a better understanding of what is at stake than many critics dared expect. If we wish, as most of us wish for a variety of reasons, to reduce American film imports, then the B.F.P.A. proposals undoubtedly suggest one way that can be done. If we wish to curtail American financial penetration of our film industry, then the demand that the Board of Trade reverse its 1945 decision permitting Warner Brothers to assume virtual control of the Associated British Picture Corporation is quite logical. If, finally, we wish to strengthen the position of independent producers, then it is sensible to accept the suggestion that a statutory obligation should be imposed on the three big circuits to show six "independent" films a year above their quota requirements, replacing the present gentleman's agreement on this point with the Board of Trade.

All this, of course, leaves untouched the question of the internal financial structure of the film industry, of State assistance in the form of funds and facilities for genuinely independent producers—the issues which have aroused most debate in recent months. But, within its limited field, this memorandum has done a good and sensible job. It is doubtful, in any case, whether Sir Stafford Cripps could be pressed much beyond such proposals in the new Bill. NORMAN MACKENZIE

THE WORD

WHEN my friend Heinrich came from Germany in 1937 he brought with him a family, a distinguished academic record, sixpence in his pocket and a limited knowledge of the English language. Arriving at one of our provincial towns, he got a small research job at the University there, and they sent him to a factory to find how the British working-man struck a German economist. Heinrich says the British working-man never struck him—but that's by the way, one of them nearly did once, and all because of the word.

Apart from research, Heinrich, whose forebears were Prussian craftsmen of some skill, decided he liked the factory; indeed, he liked it so much he eventually forsook university life and became a worker. The early part of his career was not easy, however. He had one desire, to be accepted by his mates; but though his hands were quick, his manner was foreign and his English poor, and no matter what he did, he remained an outsider. Then he made a wonderful discovery. He discovered that the British working-man uses with deadly monotony, either expletively or imperatively, one Anglo-Saxon monosyllable, to which at times, for the sake of adjectival variety, he adds the highly idiomatic *-ing* form. Heinrich was interested. He investigated the word. The statistics were remarkable—according to his calculations it forms thirty-three and a third per cent of the number used per head per day in the factory. On disgruntled days, this percentage rises. Getting down to semantics, he discovered that even when used as an interjection, the worker's employment of the word has little to do with the original meaning. He simply uses it to fill in the gaps when other English words fail him. Other English words often failed Heinrich, so with great gusto and a feeling of having reduced the shatteringly large English vocabulary beyond the dreams of Basic, Heinrich adopted the word.

From the moment he did so a change took place between him and his mates. They offered him a light for his cigarette, they shared their snap with him and even gave him drinks of tea in the tin tops of their billy-cans. Heinrich was happy and accepted. He sang at his work, he rose to quite a responsible position in the shop—so responsible that when any crisis occurred he, the foreman and the charge-hand chewed it over together, always aided by the word. Once, when a specially irksome order about smoking came through from the management, the whole shop was disgusted. Heinrich was entertaining them with his opinion on the subject when a woman came in from the machine-shop. Heinrich saw the woman but went on with his theme, nobody ever stopped talking because a woman came in. His was a peculiarly penetrating voice and now it blasted trumpet-like across the shop, while the word performed a dazzling *pas seul* with the management as a kind of decor. The turn, although one of Heinrich's best, was not well received. The foreman walked away; the woman stared stonily, then she went away, too. After she'd gone, the foreman sent for Heinrich. "Don't you know," he asked sternly, "that no gentleman *ever* uses that word in front of a lady?"

Heinrich didn't know. And that's how he lost all the ground he'd so carefully covered between himself and the British working-man.

After a time Heinrich left the factory and went back to the University, where he was supposed to write up all he'd learnt about workers. Now he was in an academic atmosphere. Speech was decorous and vocabulary copious; a habit of periphrastic understatement replaced the monosyllabic over-statement to which he had grown accustomed. One day, when he and the Professor and several lecturers were at lunch together, they began to discuss the theories of a German economist whom they suspected of giving a Nazi twist to otherwise not unattractive ideas. Before he got away from Germany, Heinrich had suffered very much from this man's double-crossing, tale-bearing habits; indeed, they had nearly cost him and his family their lives. He was first astonished and then angered by the mild terms in which the English discussed his deflections and shortcomings. He made quite a long speech in which he tried to tell them what to think of his ex-colleague. He concluded on the loudest, most penetrating of his trumpet-like blasts, by saying that the man was a mountebank. For stronger effect he repeated this remark, adding, adjectivally, expletively and imperatively, the word. The discussion closed.

Next day, the Professor sent for Heinrich. He spoke patiently about the difficulties of English and the many pitfalls for the unwary foreigner. He paused and flushed a little pinkly at the allusion he was about to make. "It is," he said, and though the pink deepened the voice never faltered, "It is a word no gentleman *ever* uses."

DOROTHY BAKER

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

O FOR a Langland to-day! It is less the "Tutto declina!" of Verdi's Falstaff that provokes this exclamation, than recognition of how much a great moralistic poet can do to raise us to a pitch equal to our adversities. The present topicality of the satire in *Piers Plowman* will seem astonishing only to those who ignore or deny the obdurate constancy of the human lot. Food shortage and labour troubles, dole for the unemployable and short shrift for the self-seekers: it is all there, and a good deal more besides. Let me quote Mr. C. S. Lewis for a moment:

> Scholars more interested in social history than in poetry have sometimes made this poem appear much less ordinary than it really is as regards its kind, and much less extraordinary as regards the genius of the poet. In fact, its only oddity is its excellence; in *Piers Plowman* we see an exceptional poet adorning a species of poetry which is hardly exceptional at all.

Exceptional, however, in modern times, in which the outstanding moralists have resorted chiefly to mediums which were not available in Langland's day: the theatre and the novel. True, we have one great moralist still with us; but Mr. Shaw is in no sense a poet and so cannot reach certain depths which are inaccessible to intellectual appeal. The qualities in *Piers Plowman* which shine out so movingly through Mr. Nevill Coghill's "translation" are those of simple beauty and level-headed kindness. Anyone who has written poetry or music knows how much more difficult it is to be simply beautiful than complicatedly so. Langland had not Chaucer's piercing eye for character, nor his wit, nor his narrative genius; but he was aware of a mystical bond between himself and Nature, and this bond distils a kind of beauty which is foreign to Chaucer and creates the peculiar rapture of "Meatless and moneyless in the Malvern hills," and of "A bliss of birdsong in the blaze of summer." Five centuries later another plowman, John Clare, revived this form of simple beauty, but without the moralising fervour which had impelled Langland to write. Like Bunyan (and unlike Spenser) Langland can make Goodness interesting; and this exactly doubles the value of his message.

Mr. Lewis considers *Piers Plowman* "every way unsuitable for recitation." Mr. Coghill's broadcasts make this assertion seem highly questionable, unless his adaptation is a great deal freer than it would seem to be. The partition into several voices is clearly indicated by the nature of the poem: it sounds quite unforced and helps to keep attention brisk. Even the use of a variable acoustic did not vulgarise the dramatic effect. In any case, as others besides myself have pointed out, radio has been more successful than any other medium in reconciling us to the beauties of allegorical art; and in *Piers Plowman*

the Coghill-Potter combination is in a fair way to repeat the triumph of their Chaucer venture. For once I did not think Mr. Cecil Trouncer as adequate as usual: he was always admirably clear, but his delivery was a shade too-unvaried, too reminiscent of the Children's Hour narrator, and in his mouth the rather subtle rhythms of the poetry were blurred. That Sarastro of the spoken word, Mr. Valentine Dyall, seemed to me altogether more adroit. He kept his voice out of his boots, and by dint of using harder accents and more percussive consonants made more of the alliterative beauty.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST.

HINDEMITH

COMPOSERS seem to survive transplanting to the New World more successfully than poets, novelists, or film directors; Bloch and Bartok are cases in point, and Hindemith the outstanding example. His most recent group of works (I mean the large number he has composed during and since the war) seem to proceed from a deeper and richer level of personality than much of the music he wrote while still in Europe; they consolidate his position as one of the two or three leading composers of our day, and the B.B.C. did well to recognise the fact in their miniature Hindemith Festival last week.

He is a natural musician; a real German professional, in the sense that Richard Strauss is that; a man for whom music and life are very nearly synonymous terms. But he grew up in an unpropitious period: a period of reaction from the long German Romantic twilight. The slate, as all lively young musicians felt, simply had to be wiped clean; and in Hindemith's youth Central Europe was full of industrious slate-cleaners, each armed with a patent mop. He himself plied at one time both the atonal and the neo-classical mops; he even invented a mop of his own called *Gebrauchsmusik* or "Utility Music." But all this activity, inevitable as we can see it to have been, was negative in character: it left a hole, a vacuum, a lack of any generally accepted idiom, which could not fail to distress a born, "instinctive" composer like Hindemith; but he never accepted the famous Viennese attempt to plug the hole—the "twelve-tone-system" of the Schönberg school—and has since expounded lucidly his reasons for rejecting Schönbergian aesthetics. His own conception of harmonic relationships, though novel in many respects, is firmly based on the natural laws of sound, with the result that his harmonic practice, however difficult it may sometimes sound, conveys that impression of perspective, and of the existence of a tonal "home," without which music becomes a mere flux of passing sensations.

The opera *Mathis der Maler* (1934), a work unfortunately familiar to us only in the form of symphonic extracts, marks Hindemith's return to tonality as clearly as it reveals the beginning of his emotional maturity. His style began to shed its "spiky" characteristics, and though he has always been predominantly an abstract composer, his later music is often marked by a deep seriousness and humanity. The death of George V can hardly have been an event which touched him nearly; and yet the *Trauermusik* which, with extraordinary facility, he completed in a single day, seems to contain the sense of a great community's distress; its final use of the *Old Hundredth*, with ever-simpler harmonies, is curiously moving. A similarly impressive piece, also included in the recent B.B.C. programmes, is the Prelude to a choral requiem for Americans killed in the war, called (after Whitman) *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed:* a movement built, with unerring mastery, upon a single pedal point and out of a single thematic fragment. Of the two new ballet scores, the *Hérodiade* (after Mallarmé) seemed less impressive than *The Four Temperaments*, a set of variations for piano and strings with a fine theme and a varied display of musical invention fascinatingly adjusted to the suggestion of each temperament in turn, the most brilliant being perhaps the "Phlegmatic" with its odd air of low-spirited jauntiness.

The two most considerable of these new works are the Cello Concerto of 1940 (excellently played by John Shinebourne) and last year's *Symphonia Serena;* both are outstanding examples of fine design and resonant scoring, and the texture of the symphony, in particular, is of a pearly lucidity. Hindemith is still capable of accepting too uncritically the lavish suggestions offered by his inventive faculty; but when the material is as fine as the treatment, as in the middle movement of the Cello Concerto, the result ranks among the most satisfying creations in modern music.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Rookies Come Home" and "Black Angel," at the Tivoli

"The Upturned Glass," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

Summer is upon us. The newsreels devote themselves wholly to the Royal Family. Laurel and Hardy in person have been followed by Chico Marx, single and also in person. Sir Laurence Olivier stares from the front pages as a blond Hamlet, with the hint of further paradoxes—a hairless Ghost, possibly; from the future also we are warned against a lady called Frieda, whom we should be careful about asking home. As for current films, there is little beyond a spattering of thrillers and comics.

I can't pretend that either *Rookies Come Home* or *Black Angel* is other than second-rate; but here at least, in the two genres at which Hollywood excels, the second-rate is not unentertaining. Abbot and Costello have their moments, or rather Costello has, with a mixture of asthma, anger, and blubbering lips that can hardly fail to endear. His behaviour in the awkward squad and afterwards selling cheap ties on a corner would make even a sergeant laugh. He triumphs by never accommodating himself to the situation, whatever it may be: nobody, for example, was ever less suited to being the huckster's "friend" than he. I have never come across a first-rate Abbot and Costello film, and probably there has never been one; but how infinitely superior, on the screen, is this pair of comedians to their English counterparts, Flanagan and Allen!

Black Angel is in the seedy tradition of gangsterdom, but gone altogether to seed. A couple of years ago Mr. Dan Duryea made a fascinating first appearance as a cobra-like blackmailer; since then half a dozen films have robbed his leer and his slouch of their goading charm, and now we find him as a self-pitying song-writer, who has taken to violence in his cups. But he can still act, and *Black Angel* occasionally rivets by its glimpses of depravity.

Then one piece, flowering Rankly, to introduce perhaps a real summer. *The Upturned Glass*, directed by Lawrence Huntington, is a psychological thriller, in which—to begin with—the thrills attach almost completely to Mr. James Mason: he elaborates a case-history of murder to a class of students, and the anonymous surgeon of the narrative is himself. Mr. Mason is an adept at tense romantic doom, and the background of consulting room and the operating table has been deftly realised. The story works up rather slowly, though in fascinating detail, to a climax which can't be divulged: enough to say that there is a surprise finish, without any of the cheating that usually goes to the final turn of the key. The psychology is genuine, so too (when we come to it) is the tension; and from an excellent all-round cast one remembers especially the performances of Pamela Kellino, Rosamund John, and little Ann Stephens. The camera plays some good quiet tricks; the music of Bernard Stevens thrills pleasantly when it should. This, in fact, is as smooth-running a piece of its kind as one could wish for.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Just published

ENGLISH STORY VII

Edited by
WOODROW WYATT

In preparation

ENGLISH STORY VIII

Contributions should be sent to Woodrow Wyatt, c/o Collins, 14, St. James's Place, London, not later than July 18th.

COLLINS

Author of "Lessons of My Life"
(18*th Thous.*)
The Rt. Hon. the
LORD VANSITTART
P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.Litt., LL.D.

EVENTS AND SHADOWS

Lord Vansittart, whose knowledge of foreign affairs and international politics is unrivalled, reviews the present situation in Europe up to the recent Moscow Conference, and puts forward a policy and plan for the future which he believes provides the best basis for peace.

10*s. 6d.*

HUTCHINSON
& Co. (Publishers) Ltd.
LARGEST OF BOOK PUBLISHERS

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

THE NEW SECONDARY EDUCATION
The aims explained. The progress reported. *Illustrated.* 1*s.* 6*d.* (1*s.* 8*d.*)

INTERNATIONAL BILL OF HUMAN RIGHTS
United Kingdom Draft 4*d.* (5*d.*)

PARLIAMENTARY CONSTITUENCIES
Return of number of electors for each constituency in England and Wales. 9*d.* (10*d.*)
Do. Scotland 3*d.* (4*d.*)

INDUSTRY and EMPLOYMENT IN SCOTLAND
An economic survey of Scotland. 2*s.* (2*s.* 2*d.*)

Prices in brackets include postage.

Obtainable from the Sales Offices of
H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE
in London, Edinburgh, Manchester, Bristol, Cardiff and Belfast or through any bookseller

An Essay on Marxian Economics
JOAN ROBINSON
A re-issue of a well-known work isolating certain neglected problems in its comparison of the economic analysis of Marx's *Capital* with current economic teaching. 6*s.*

Australia
Edited by
G. L. WOOD
Compiled by leading authorities on the subject, this volume is a comprehensive survey of the resources and development of the Australian continent. 20*s.*

MACMILLAN

CURRENT SHOWS

NEXT week I hope to consider the exhibitions in the museums: the Dulwich pictures at the National Gallery, at the Victoria and Albert, Nicolas Hilliard and the Wellington treasures, part of a gift to the nation unprecedented in its splendour. Meanwhile, I wish to recommend a visit to three dealers. The Lefèvre has an excellent show of "Bonnard and his contemporaries." The Bonnards are good, and indifferent: the two landscapes in the end section are of an overwhelming beauty—observation, poetic imagination and sheer painterliness combining to produce works that already have the authority of an Old Master. How mysterious that Bonnard's handling, while keeping to the same idiom, can in some pictures look like a melting ice mixed with fluff, and in others, much more usually, become velvety and glowing, reminding one of Sydney Smith's notion of heaven, "eating pâtés de foie gras to the sound of trumpets." No doubt the performance of painters, as of actors and singers, reflects their mood and state of health. Painters, however, can conceal their failures from the public. If Bonnard sometimes failed to do this it may be because he was the most modest of men and therefore less careful than some others to show only what would do him credit. At his best he was excelled by none of his contemporaries.

The same exhibition has very fine works by Vuillard, Picasso, Utrillo and Rouault (whose landscape should be peered into very closely); masterly early works by Matisse; and two pictures by Modigliani whose stature as a portraitist impresses me more and more. (The picture of a girl is full of character and most touching as well as exquisitely designed.) In this high company a painting by M. Vivin looks like a half-wit that has wandered by accident into an assembly of erudite poets.

The Leicester Galleries are showing Claude Rogers and Edward Burra. Assurance, a very valuable quality in a painter, is sadly rare among the living English, and no one can deny assurance to Mr. Burra. I am blind to his other virtues: his drawing seems to me aggressively insensitive, his colour merely chaotic. Before his pictures, as before Dame Laura Knight's, I quail.

Mr. Rogers's show marks a great advance in his career: he is painting with a new decisiveness. Sometimes his personality disappears under the influence of Cézanne, at others he reveals a wit that is his own. Outstandingly successful are his portrait of Miss Margerie Few, a landscape called *Spring in the Wood* and a view of Vauxhall. Also at the Leicester a fine collection of French lithographs and etchings.

The Summer exhibition of Old Masters at Agnew's is always full of interest. This year two Hogarth portraits, a small Constable, a Gainsborough landscape, a Francia and a Guardi are specially to be enjoyed. The most sensational exhibit is a Caravaggio, which seems to me as vulgar as it is brilliant.

ROGER MARVELL

BALLET DES CHAMPS ELYSEES

Le jeune homme et la mort is Cocteau's ballet to a degree unusual for the writer of the story. It is his in every detail, even to the final concession to theatrical beautitude, when the girl who has sadistically spurned the young man and provided the rope for him to hang himself, leads or follows him—as Death—to what the programme calls "happiness." It would be a mistake to analyse this ballet. It is a lyric masterpiece, not an argument for the intellect. On the French programme it was said to be "accompagné par une musique de Bach," and this rightly expresses the relation between the ballet and the superb passacaglia which accompanies it. The ballet was not rehearsed to Bach's music, but to jazz. This also seems to me fitting. Though dynamically there is an astonishingly close relation between the movement of dance and music it does not pretend to be "danced to" Bach, which would indeed have been as great an affront as some people find in the association at all of Bach with a sordid modern drama of passion. That Bach's sublime music would so perfectly mediate between two kinds of reality, sensual and transcendental, was a brilliant intuition of Cocteau. All the participants in this ballet have been happily inspired. Wakhevitch's garret scene is a triumph of style; so are Roland Petit's choreography and the dancing of Nathalie Philippart and Jean Babilée. The choreography is beautifully lucid as well as astonishing in invention; it makes great demands on the classical and acrobatic technique of both dancers. The action is full of realistic, even horrifying, detail. Its expression might have been unbearable instead of beautiful. As executed by these two great dancers it has a fine serenity and poetry. The alternations of tension and calm—illusory calm it is true, but no less visually satisfying—are wonderfully designed and realised. The only unsatisfactory detail in this profoundly moving ballet is the mask which Death (or the maiden) hands to the dead young man.

The Ballets des Champs Elysées deserve more support than they are receiving. *La Sylphide* is better left undiscussed till Viroubova appears in it. Meanwhile some of the finest dancing choreography in London are to be seen at the Winter Garden Theatre.

BERYL DE ZOETE

Correspondence

NORTHERN IRELAND DEMOCRACY

SIR,—I read with much interest and not a little amusement the clever defence of Mr. Edmond Warnock, K.C., in your issue of June 7th. Mr. Warnock coos like any dove in his reply, but he can be quite bellicose on occasion in the Northern Parliament on the same issue. The Special Powers Acts have been used to send to prison perfectly constitutional persons like the late Eamon Donnelly, M.P., whose politics the Home Office did not approve.

A native of Northern Ireland, he was residing with his family in Newry when he was served in 1925 with an order asking him to leave Northern Ireland.

"I wrote to the Ministry," (Mr. Donnelly said when he was taken before a special court in Belfast) "asking how I could arrange to be defended, and I have had no reply. If the Crown can produce any tittle of evidence that I ever did anything illegal or committed any crime, I am prepared to take the punishment. . . . After all, people have some rights. I would like the original report produced on the strength of which this order is made. It is said that an Englishman's home is his castle. I am not allowed to live in mine. It is not the British law or the British Constitution."

The magistrates, in imposing a fine of £25 or in default a month's imprisonment, admitted that the only specified charge against Mr. Donnelly was that he had disobeyed an order of the Home Office, although as to the evidence or facts upon which it was made 13 years before, they had no power to inquire.

So Mr. Donnelly went to prison. The Emergency Powers intervened to prevent any higher court reviewing the decision of the magistrates. Indeed, the Emergency Powers Acts virtually outlaw a defendant, leaving him at the mercy of any one of the 13,000 Special Constabulary who are, to a man, recruited from the Tory Party or the Orange Lodges.

Until the day of his death, Mr. Donnelly told me, he never knew how he had offended. He was elected to the Northern Parliament in 1943. He died in Newry in December, 1944, and the local public subscribed for a fine monument to his memory there, quite recently unveiled. He never sat in Mr. Warnock's Parliament.

In 1938 the Home Office suppressed a series of public meetings which the Nationalists had announced for Sunday evenings by the artful expedient of getting the Tory Party to put out a few bills in each locality announcing counter-meetings for the same date, hour

The Rediscovery of Justice

F. R. BIENENFELD

● An original, learned yet popular study of the most urgent problem of our time. The writer shows that throughout history certain laws of humanity have been in force in every period in spite of the claims for justice being themselves contradictory. In conclusion, the author proves that a minimum Bill of Rights is a practical proposition.

15s. *net*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

Three important books:

now available

NEHRU

The DISCOVERY of INDIA

25/-

ZILLIACUS

★ MIRROR of the PRESENT

a topical and outstanding book on the world to-day

5/-

ready shortly:

★ HOUSING and the FAMILY

by M. J. ELSAS

8/6

MERIDIAN BOOKS LTD
8, Garrick Street, W.C.2

HERBERT JENKINS

P. G. Wodehouse

JOY IN THE MORNING

A long new novel of Bertie Wooster and the incomparable Jeeves. 8s. 6d. *net*

Dale Collins

WINDS OF CHANCE

An exciting and colourful romance of the sea by an author whose novels, such as *Ordeal* and *Ah, Promised Land!* have won for him an exceptional reputation among modern novelists. 8s. 6d. *net*

Cecil Field

THE GREAT COSSACK

Sten'ka Razin is not only a picturesque but a significant figure in Russian history. *Illustrated.* 7s. 6d. *net*

HERBERT JENKINS LTD

Publication in June

NO ANGEL'S WING

An Autobiography

CHARLES DUFF

Author of "A HANDBOOK ON HANGING"

An account of the author's youth at sea in the merchant service, in windjammers, tramps and liners; of his war service with the French, Portuguese, British and Italian armies; with M.I.5 and as Foreign Office adviser on Spain and Latin-America and of his being called to the Bar; of his dissatisfaction with such solemn occupations as diplomacy and law and of his activities in the cause of democracy in Spain.

A thoroughly entertaining and revealing book providing considerable food for thought.

Demy 8vo 272 pp. 15s.

COBBETT PRESS

and place. No person ever knew Mr. Warnock's friends to hold a political meeting on the Sabbath, but nevertheless the pretence enabled the Home Office to proclaim both meetings. By the way, each of their party bills had for slogan: "God Save the King."

CAHIR HEALY
(M.P., South Fermanagh)

SIR,—The Rev. Amphlett Micklewright's letter in your current issue goes to the root of the whole problem of democracy in Northern Ireland.

A small group of politicians seized control in the North a generation ago by posing as the champions of Protestantism and their party has retained it on the basis of the religious division existing in the country. The whole social fabric is based upon religious hatred and intolerance which is never allowed to die down.

This is reflected in many ways reminiscent of the days of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary. The daily newspapers' "Situations Vacant" columns invariably contain such advertisements as posts for mechanics who must be Catholics and cooks who must be Protestants! Any individual who raises his voice against the Government is always labelled the enemy of Protestantism regardless of the fact that the subject of his protest may have nothing to do with religion. Annually there is the Twelfth of July procession designed to remind the people that they must stand firm against the enemies of the Protestant faith, ironically based on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne when King William was sent a message by the Pope congratulating him on his victory. In this atmosphere it is not surprising that troubles may start.

Mr. Geoffrey Bing's campaign in the House of Commons drawing attention to the state of affairs in Northern Ireland is one which deserves widespread support. It is of paramount importance to awaken interest in a problem on our own doorstep which has long remained a forgotten skeleton in the cupboard, and Mr. Warnock's letter a fortnight ago, speaking as though in fatherly tones to a recalcitrant boy about the wicked bogy-men in the I.R.A., is no answer. Without questioning Mr. Warnock's sincerity, which I respect, I must join with Mr. Micklewright in pointing out that such organisations as the I.R.A. are the very product of repression, religious intolerance and the propaganda of Mr. Warnock's friends.

Although this may seem remote to the people of Britain it affects them vitally. There are 13 Members of Parliament at Westminster coming from Northern Ireland, and the circumstances of their election are a matter of concern to the British people, for they vote consistently *against* measures which do not concern their own constituents at all, and are only applicable to the people of this country.

Because of unrest, personation of electors has always been a widespread feature of Northern Ireland elections, and to Mr. Warnock's credit, it must be recorded that he introduced the use of identity cards in polling for elections to local Parliament. This safeguard does not yet apply to Imperial elections as the need for it is probably not realised by people living in this country. Only last year when I was the candidate in the Co. Down (Imperial) By-election, there was widespread personation, and a further gross irregularity was that I was refused facilities at the count for supervision of the sorting of votes by scrutineers. In protest I walked out, but this went almost unnoticed at the time, and, unfortunately, I was then unable to pursue the matter any further as I was still serving in the R.A.F. and had to return to my duties. Nevertheless, the whole question of the conduct of elections of all kinds in Northern Ireland calls for thorough investigation.

DESMOND DONNELLY
London.

SIR,—The Rev. F. H. Amphlett Micklewright is mistaken in his belief that the I.R.A. was born out of the partition of Ireland, and that the film *Odd Man Out* makes this clear. The I.R.A. existed long before the partition of Ireland and was largely responsible for organising the Irish rebellion of 1916. The film *Odd Man Out* is not guilty of the historical error which Mr. Micklewright unwittingly attributes to it.

Both Governments in Ireland possess an Emergency Powers Act and both would claim that it was necessary to check disorders promoted by illegal organisations. A good deal of evidence will be needed before it can be bluntly stated that both Governments are talking nonsense. Whether the Council of Civil Liberties which investigated some conditions in Ulster in 1936 was a strictly impartial body is perhaps an open question, but it blundered when it shrank from conducting a similar investigation into conditions in the Irish Free State. A bolder descent is needed if Truth is to be found at the bottom of the well.

J. F. BURNS

EQUAL PAY

SIR,—Can no one penetrate Mr. Dalton's blandness and overcome the hesitancy of the others in the Cabinet who are opposing equal pay? The Labour Party gained its ascendancy over the minds of people by standing for justice and equality; let it leave expediency to the Conservatives. If not, expediency will be its ruin.

In the first place, without equal pay the Government will not get the women into the factories to-day. In the second, the Party will find out its mistake at the next General Election. Let no one underestimate the potential danger of the Housewives' League. Of course, these women are being exploited by the Tory press and reports of the numbers involved in some of the recent demonstrations have been exaggerated, but the present difficulties are pressing hardly on a politically-ignorant section of the population and if the Government must ignore the ill will of the conventionally minded it is folly to flout and dispirit the intelligent and the progressive. The tactics of the Communist party at the Albert Hall were criminally foolish, for it is safe to say that almost every suburban woman at that meeting went away from it strengthened in her prejudices and fortified with the martyr's conviction that the wicked Jews and Communists are behind the Government in its callous indifference to the needs of women. (I listened carefully to comments among the crowd.) Mr. Attlee may address the faithful in County Durham in tranquillity but Mr. Morrison knows that it is the "floating vote" that wins elections. It will be a tragedy for men as well as for women if the latter are roused to use their votes, as the German women were, to help to return to power reactionary forces from which both sexes seemed once successfully to have freed themselves. But if the production targets are not reached as, witness the Government's own posters, without the help of women they cannot be, then the fury of ordinary people will not be appeased and a Ministry, convicted alike of moral turpitude and plain lack of common sense, will fall victim to its enemies when its friends have been rebuffed.

C. E. HODGE

LABOUR IN THE UNIVERSITIES

Sir,—In your last two issues I have read letters about the Socialist situation in the Universities. In one, signed "Social Democrat," I read that Socialism remains unrepresented in nearly all the Universities save by a small active group of Communists and their camp followers and a dwindling body of more liberal-minded adherents of whom the anonymous writer speaks with some contempt. He clamours for help from outside, and says that there is a danger of the Labour Party getting no support from the Universities at all.

In the other letter Mr. Morris, of the Oxford University Labour Club, describes the formation of that Club and refers to the O.U. Socialist club as a heterogeneous Left-wing Body, where Communists "hamper and embarrass."

Both writers are a little shy of letting us into the whole secret. The truth is that until quite recently the Socialist societies in the Universities, and the Student Labour Federation to which most of them were

THE DIARY OF HENRY HOBHOUSE

Edited by A. Aspinall

"Dr. Aspinall is a recognised authority on this period. The reader is indebted to him for providing, through discreet annotation, the means to a full enjoyment of the good things Hobhouse invitingly prepared."

Birmingham Post

10s. 6d.

¶ First Two Volumes in the English Novelist Series will be published on Sept. 1.

HOME & VAN THAL
36 Great Russell St., W.C.1

Have you read the latest

CONTACT BOOK?

As lively as a newsreel, as beautifully produced as a limited edition, each Contact Book deals with one important phase of life today. Famous British and foreign authors contribute 20 or more related features on the main theme. With numerous illustrations. This ambitious and successful new publishing technique has won for Contact Books many thousands of regular readers. Ask your bookseller for the fifth volume now ready

The Public's Progress

120 pages, size 11 by 8 inches
Price 5/-

CONTACT BOOKS
26 Manchester Square
London W1

PP

HOME AND LEISURE SERIES

Games for Court and Garden

by Gordon Winter

As invaluable to sports clubs as to the average games-loving family.

Crown 8vo. Illus. 6s. 6d.

★ ★

The Quarter-Acre Garden

by George E. Whitehead

An essentially practical guide to making a garden from its very beginnings, by the well-known expert of *Good Housekeeping*.

Crown 8vo. Illus. 6s. 6d.

PILOT PRESS

THE ROAD TO MATURITY

Edited by
EDWARD F. GRIFFITH
author of
Modern Marriage, etc.

This important and timely book on the subject of youth and sex education contains a Foreword by Sir Richard Livingstone and contributions by ten other authorities well-known in every field of education.

2nd edition. 7s. 6d.

METHUEN

affiliated, had not been "hampered and embarrassed." They had achieved the very remarkable and encouraging position that every University in the country had a Labour Club and no University had more than one. Socialist propaganda went ahead because the clubs were strong and freshmen were not "put off" by finding that two separate clubs were competing for their allegiance and failing to do in disunity what they could well have done together. This excellent position had been established by a good deal of patience and common sense on all sides, and the N.E.C. of the Labour Party accepted this invaluable semi-official United Front until 1940.

Several efforts to establish purely Labour Party organisations in the Universities have all resulted within a few years—by more patience and common sense—in restoring the position of "one University—one club," in which Labour and Communists worked in harmony. What is happening at the moment—and what the writers of your two letters have really in their minds—is just another such effort to establish Labour Party organisations. Transport House is naturally fully entitled to take this course; but it should be realised that exactly in proportion as it succeeds in establishing new organisations and keeping them alive it will kill Socialism in the Universities—not because there is anything wrong in Labour Party organisations, but simply because most Universities cannot carry two clubs with similar aims, and all but the keenest freshmen will simply be driven away. "Social Democrat" is quite right on this point, even if—as I think—he is wrong on all others; there *is* a danger that the Labour Party will get no support from the Universities.

The remedy is not that students should call for help from outside but that they should get into the existing clubs and show that the Labour Party members can hold their own with the rest. The clubs will then flourish, and give the Labour Party the very substantial support they have hitherto given. Students—and others—should shake off the notion that one or two Communists in a committee must necessarily "dominate"; it is a poor compliment to the Labour Party!

D. N. PRITT

President, Student Labour Federation.

SIR,—The need for a better presentation of Labour's case in the Universities is perhaps even more urgent than your correspondent, Mr. Morris, realises.

The Communists preferred to work through existing Socialist Societies so long as they had a heterogeneous following of Socialists and progressives. We have reached a stage in this college when even these latter take no further part in University politics. With no Socialist following to lead, the Communists naturally prefer to work through their own avowed organisations, and the Socialist Society exists in name only.

It would be alarming enough if the case for the party now governing the country were not adequately represented within the Socialist Society. However, the position is far worse. Whereas there are flourishing Conservative, Liberal and Communist factions, the Democratic Socialist point of view is not represented at all.

For this state of affairs, not typical of this college only, the Labour Party must be held ultimately to blame. Except in Oxford and Cambridge, student political societies cannot exist without outside help. The Labour Party neglects student opinion at its own peril; the students of to-day are the leaders in all walks of life of to-morrow. The long-standing prejudice against them is unworthy of a party that in fact draws its support from members of all classes.

JAMES E. WRIGHT

University College of London,
Gower St., W.C.1.

MR. BEVIN'S STATUS

SIR,—I have been trying to discover, but, so far, without success, in what capacity Ernest Bevin spoke at the recent Labour Party conference.

Three possibilities came to mind; as a fraternal delegate; as an ordinary delegate; or on behalf of the National Executive. If the former then how did he come to take part in the discussion on a resolution? If as an ordinary delegate, then why give him more time than the others? Lastly, if he replied on behalf of the National Executive, have they the right to nominate whom they please to plead their case? (I can visualise them engaging prominent barristers when the going is hard.)

Perhaps one of your readers could help. Our own local delegate could not and so far all that I can get hold of are the garbled reports of the national press.

What I am frightened of is that the Annual Conference will, with a Labour Government in power, cease to be the supreme policy-making body and evolve into a huge "report back" meeting at which Ministers seek to justify their actions. Why not hold both?

K. F. CHILD

AUTHORS AND THE B.B.C.

SIR,—In his letter "Occasional Broadcaster" puts his finger on the crux of the problem for the young writer to-day which seems to have been lost sight of both in the question of B.B.C. fees and in the recent correspondence in your pages on authors in relation to the State. Whereas almost every trade and profession has either received increased wages, or charges bigger fees than in pre-war years, bread-and-butter authorship, outside books, still gets the same rates of reward in the case of the young, unknown writer. The risen cost of living makes most journalistic fees look ridiculous.

For those who are not yet big names, five guineas per thousand is good pay indeed, and often enough the young writer is lucky to get two or three guineas. Compared with these rates the B.B.C.'s guinea a minute is more rewarding, although the complaints of established authors are obvious enough.

I regard the work of the Society of Authors in connection with the B.B.C. as admirable, but I wish in their championing of the young writer they would probe further and try to improve the whole question of payment for work by those who cannot yet dictate terms.

DAVID GUNSTON

89 Maderia Road,
North End, Portsmouth.

SIR,—"Occasional Broadcaster's" letter in your last issue is misleading.

The Society of Authors receives weekly three or four times as many complaints about the B.B.C. from its members as about the whole body of publishers: though dealings with publishers are three or four times as common as dealings with the B.B.C. This ratio tells its own story. The complaints, of meanness and niggardliness, come in an overwhelming majority from young writers. Famous authors can normally obtain more satisfactory terms.

"Occasional Broadcaster" says, "As for the *Listener*, what an excellent thing it is that first-rate material can be retailed to a huge public at so low a price!" . . . Excellent for whom? This the cry of all unthinking consumers of sweated goods. If, for example, books brought in nothing to their authors, they could be sold cheaper. Is this what "Occasional Broadcaster" would recommend?

OSBERT SITWELL,
Chairman.

The Executive Committee,
The Society of Authors.

BLACKMORE

SIR,—I am collecting material for the life of Richard Doddridge Blackmore (author of *Lorna Doone*), and should be obliged if anybody who had information, data, etc., would communicate with me.

OLGA SOMECH PHILLIPS

4 Percival Avenue,
N.W.3.

CHATTO BOOKS

READY SHORTLY

On Some Fair Morning

Catherine Hutter

A novel by the author of *The Outnumbered*. *10s. 6d.*

Women and Men

Amram Scheinfeld

This is a lively, accurate analysis, by the author of *You and Heredity*, of the causes and effects of the differences between the sexes.

Fully illustrated. 15s.

CASSELL

for publication June 26

The autobiography of ROBERT HICHENS

★

"Yesterday"

Mr. Hichens tells the story of his life as ably as he has written his many novels. Past 80, his memory goes back to an unreal world, his success to *The Garden of Allah*. 15/- *net*

FRENCH LABOR FROM POPULAR FRONT TO LIBERATION

by

Henry W. Ehrmann

about 18/- *net*

The development of the French trade-union movement from the crisis of republican institutions in 1934 to the liberation of France from German occupation ten years later is the subject of this study. By reviewing critically the social and economic legislation of the French "New Deal" the author is able to determine the extent to which the unsettled state of industrial relations contributed to the downfall of the Third Republic.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Amen House London E.C.4

Schubert

A Documentary Biography
OTTO ERICH DEUTSCH

Translated by ERIC BLOM

Over 1,000 pages. £3 3s. net

Universally recognized as the foremost authority on Schubertian biography and bibliography, Professor Deutsch has collected in this volume more than 1,200 documents of Schubert's life and work. *With 4 coloured plates, 36 monochrome plates, and 42 line drawings.*

★

Two New Volumes in the Master Musicians. Each 7s. 6d. net

Chopin

by ARTHUR HEDLEY

Handel

by PERCY M. YOUNG

Biographical and critical studies, each with calendar of events, table of compositions, bibliography, photographs, musical examples, etc.

DENT

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE stupid, one may notice, are usually passionate supporters of the educational system in which they were brought up: they feel themselves to be living proofs of its excellence. The intelligent, on the other hand, are apt—unless they are Etonians—to speak of their old schools with loathing: they fancy, not altogether fairly, that if they have any virtue of intellect or character, this is not because of but despite their education. And naturally they proceed to applaud the opposing type of school. (I am not sure how far this is true of people from Grammar Schools and Secondary Schools in general.) The most damaging attack I have read upon co-education came from one who had suffered from it; and among my friends almost the only enthusiastic partisan of Public Schools is an eminent Hellenist who had the luck not to attend one.

Warned by his example, I, who know from painful experience that a Public School can easily degenerate into something no less brutal than inept, have never been sure that the faults of progressive schools are not equally damnable. Books written by their adherents have usually served only to confirm my suspicions. They are apt to parade a shameless contempt for the intellect. Indeed they seem in theory, no less than the Public School masters in practice, to aim at producing a race of extraverts, blissfully closed to the more stringent pleasures of the mind.

It was therefore without prejudice in either direction that I began to read a book called *Young Enthusiasts* by Elizabeth Jenkins (*Gollancz*, 8*s.* 6*d.*), which was recommended by a friend who has never shown much sympathy with "crank" schools. Miss Jenkins begins with a warning: "I have had experience of two progressive schools. The school described in this book is not a picture of either." A picture, more probably, of both, presented in what might flatteringly be called the shape of a novel; and the result is the most amusing book I have read this year, except perhaps Mr. Steegmuller's *States of Grace* (*Collins*, 8*s.* 6*d.*). Miss Jenkins is known as the author of three novels and of books on Lady Caroline Lamb and Miss Austen. She has an uncommonly sharp eye for character, a lot of sense, and a feeling for style, against which she frequently sins. Her book will not, I fear, be very well thought of by the more humourless champions of "progressive" education.

It begins with the author's arrival at the school, co-educational, of course, at which she is to teach. Airy buildings, expensive vegetarian food.

The society which ran the school didn't care what they spent on points affecting the children's health or on school equipment. They cut down on the salaries of the staff, which was, therefore, composed both of people who would make a financial sacrifice to work in a place of this sort, and of those who couldn't have found a better-paid job elsewhere.

School equipment, we learn later, was not thought to include a respectable library: only two pounds a term to be spent on books. The intellect seems to be hardly less despised by the authorities in progressive schools than by the boys in unprogressive ones.

Miss Jenkins was to teach English.

My predecessor, a man of stubborn optimism, had said: I want them to realise that English is a *play* subject. A glance at the exercise books convinced me that they did. A certain number of children wrote neatly and punctuated correctly, but I thought this must be the result of home influence rather than of anything they had learnt from Mr. Wapplington. The latter was a man of spacious ideals; the first time Mr. Grange Bamford spoke to me, it was to commiserate with me on having to follow a colleague of such exalted scope. "Ah," he said bitterly, shaking his head, "he was a man of vast horizons! That's how I should describe him—a man of *vast* horizons!" I stood silent. What, indeed, was there to say? But I thought of those exercise books I had been looking through—smudged, dirty, wildly ill-spelled, with slovenly, unformed, illiterate handwriting, suggesting a mental age several years behind the actual age of the writer.

Mr. Wapplington returned one day to speak to the school and his address contained one serious exhortation. "His glasses glittered and his voice sank as he gave it: he besought them not to be afraid of using slang." At this point Miss Jenkins would have been justified, I consider, in abandoning any notion of teaching seriously and in remaining only to gather material for satire. She did nothing of the sort (women, I have noticed, are more conscientious in their work than men). "The children who wrote badly had never had their work criticised before and they resented it bitterly." She persisted; there was a marked improvement in the work; and Mr. Bamford (an enthusiastically "progressive" parent) was heard saying, "I am uneasy—*very* uneasy."

There was a Junior School, presided over by Miss Noyce and Miss Dobbie. "They had nothing in their private lives to live for, and that accounted for the religious solemnity and importance with which their work was invested for them and for the implacable obstinacy with which they adhered to their methods." To Miss Jenkins these methods seemed altogether too progressive.

The children had lessons on the Lake Dwellers and the Tree Dwellers, and extensive periods of natural history which involved a great deal of splashing and shrieking on the edge of a pond, and they read books about the little boy in Delhi and the little girl in Hong Kong who came to realise that they and their families were being ground down by the wicked British, but the net result of all this, so far as I was concerned, was that I had to spend part of my one lesson a week, for terms on end, in teaching them really to understand the functions of the parts of speech.

She complained to Miss Noyce and Miss Dobbie of her difficulties with a child who "preferred abbreviations such as svr for silver, bld for building, dnr for dinner." This dialogue ensued:—

"We always took the line of encouraging her in the things she *could* do. Her painting and woolwork were very good, for instance, and she was one of the best when it came to clearing the room."

"But I don't teach her any of these things. I see her only in English lessons. What I want to know is, what should be done for her reading and writing? I don't suppose she'll ever want to take an examination, but if she leaves school not able to write an intelligible post-card or a laundry list, she'll be so handicapped."

"Well, not necessarily, I should say. That child has a beautiful nature, a beautiful nature, and it's really a question of . . ."

Here, Mr. Kippin struck in: "I think there is a tendency to work out one's own repressions on the pupils. For instance, in a case where one tells one's self something can be done by discipline or regularity, and so forth, it's quite often only an excuse one makes to oneself for bullying. Now *I* am always most careful to . . ."

Miss Noyce and Miss Dobbie had both been to training colleges. Far more good, Miss Jenkins concluded, would come of spending that money on general education, "getting round a bit and learning a little about life." She almost came to take it for granted that poor teaching and a great interest in the theory of teaching went together.

Another privilege of teachers in a progressive school, she discovered, was to receive advice every week from a "Parents' Circle." Glorious fun here with ladies like Mrs. Jessel.

Mrs. Jessel was perpetually affronted because her child did not shine in any intellectual capacity. She had neither the gratitude nor the sheer common sense to realise how much was done for Ellie, who, in a school of conventional type, would have sat at the bottom of every form, understanding nothing, dulled into torpor, and with no scope for the practical side of her nature except an occasional cooking lesson . . . A phrase constantly on her lips was: "That's not what the school stands for!" The school didn't stand for Ellie's being asked to write out a selection of her spelling mistakes, for Susan Culpepper's being told that her answer was the best, or for my having, the term previously, chosen Jinny Dewsnap to play Titania.

In so progressive a school Christianity was heard of only through a weekly discussion group —attendance voluntary—for the study of comparative religion.

One day, however, apropos of the history of English prose, I mentioned the Authorised Version of the Bible. Marcus Klee snapped out: "It's only the Old Testament that's got any poetry. There's nothing in the New Testament." After a moment's stunned surprise, I said:

"Marcus, have you ever read the New Testament?"

"Well, no."

"Have you read none of it at all?"

"No."

"Then how can you make a remark like that?"

"What's it about?" asked a curious voice at the back.

Miss Jenkins was able to recommend recourse to the School Library, to which fortunately—out of the two pounds—she had just added a copy of the Bible.

All this makes most exhilarating reading, and you must not take it for satire. The place described was only very mildly "progressive" compared with Mr. Neill's seminary, as he has described it in a series of lively works. *Young Enthusiasts* is more than good comedy: it is, I consider, a contribution to knowledge.

Miss Jenkins has converted me to belief in the system she describes. I think any parent who can would be wise to send a child to such a school as she describes. The book, in fact, is a masterpiece of subtle, and, I suspect, largely unintentional, propaganda.

I am not sure about her comment on a boy who was "perfectly good-natured and bone-idle."

He could, of course, have been forced to produce a given quantity of work; if he had been, I think that he would have slammed-to his books on the last day of his schooling, and that would have been the end for him of any life of the mind. As it was, when he left us at seventeen, he blamed us bitterly for not having made him work. He felt the lack of education. Was not this the more hopeful state of the two?

It was. If, however, the boy could not pass even the School Certificate, his parents might reasonably feel a little defrauded. And if a boy has not learnt by the age of seventeen to concentrate upon a task he finds disagreeable, I doubt if he ever will. Happiness in life depends—sad to relate—largely on a readiness to do every morning something one is disinclined to do.

The following passage strikes me as capital:—

The idea current in so many schools that you are a bore if you "talk shop" out of lessons, was simply unknown with us. They were constantly talking about books, poetry, plays, scientific experiments and matters of history, almost as often as they talked about games, films, parties, personal experiences, food and people they didn't like.

Again:—

There was no idea whatever that the younger ones should fag for the older or be subservient to them in any degree. On the contrary, the older ones regarded themselves as bound, however unwillingly, to dry-nurse the younger. They were for ever mending hockey sticks, taking wounded players to be bandaged, finding lost property, adjudicating in fights, consoling and assisting in one way or another. They frequently grumbled at the nuisance, but they took it as part of the day's work.

I must allow myself one more quotation:—

I can only give my own impression, and I cannot deny that someone might charge me with ignorance and woolgathering and take the covers off manholes whose existence I never suspected; all I can say is, that though one came on the trace of vulgarity now and again, I believe there was none of that obscenity whose fierce stench assails you from the pages of novels about boys' schools, of whatever class, nor were there, I am certain, any of those ghastly incidents compounded of physical cruelty and sexual perversion which still occur in boys' schools, though one hopes and believes, less as a matter of course than they were used. Of this, and of merely brutal bullying, we were, I believe, entirely free, partly, perhaps, owing to the presence of girls, and partly as a result of the system under which the child and the adult are traditionally friendly and have no separate confines. The staff and the children and the whole school in common: cloakrooms, showers, lavatories, the library, the garden, the carpenter's shop.

I cannot help suspecting that there was more cruelty in the school than Miss Jenkins was able

to detect. Unkindness is a widespread human quality, and children, I believe, show their unkindness more usually than adults because they have less self-control. Also they quickly learn extraordinary skill in concealing from adults alike their nastiness and their sufferings. I have never met an adult who revealed less of the milk of human kindness than the clergyman who was headmaster of my Public School, yet even he, I am certain, would have been horrified if he had any notion of the cruelty prevalent in his school.

I should be interested to hear comments upon the last three quotations from an enthusiast for the Public School system. It must be admitted that the extraordinary qualities of the headmistress described in this book made her school markedly superior to most of its rivals. The trouble, as Miss Jenkins points out, about all fine schemes for giving every child a good education is that there are not—never, I suspect, can be—the requisite number of first-rate teachers. The characters and abilities of the staff are no less important to a school than the system on which it is run. While one cannot over-emphasise the advantage to children of a system in which they are separated from the staff by no barriers, physical or moral, it is surprising that any intelligent adult can stand the strain.

Miss Jenkins sometimes becomes solemn, not to say gushing, as if infected for a moment by some of the characters she describes. This is, however, the only convincing account I have read of a school where happiness is general. I recommend the book not only to parents, to schoolmasters and to all who like to be amused, but to the authorities of the B.B.C., the British Council, and all bodies concerned with propaganda. Miss Jenkins is convincing in her praise, because she is remorseless in her criticism. Similarly, if you proclaim to foreigners the undying glories of the Union Jack, they will be both bored and incredulous: if, on the other hand, you make jokes about English faults, they may very well swallow and digest such remarks as you slip in about our national virtues.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

RUSSIA AND THE WEST

Mirror of the Present. By K. ZILLIACUS, M.P. *Meridian Books, Ltd.* 5*s.*

The Great Challenge. By LOUIS FISCHER. *Cape.* 18*s.*

Armed with a whole arsenal of admirably selected quotations (what a card index the fellow has—or is !), Mr. Zilliacus repeats with unimpaired gusto a familiar story, which needs repeating because so many people are so anxious to forget it. With passionate emphasis he recounts the events leading to the second World War. Colour and illustration are provided by his long experience as an original member of the League Secretariat who, with commendable impropriety, joined with a small group of friends in attempting to counteract the fatal diplomacy of their governments and to make the machinery of Geneva actually apply to cases of Japanese, Italian and German aggression.

He sees the story being repeated. Again, he thinks, the Social Democrats dither and fall into line; once again under various disguises capitalism makes for war. He quotes Baron Goh, the Japanese industrialist, who (unconscious, presumably, that he was paraphrasing Lenin) explained in 1934 that Japan could only deal with "overproduction," by "conquering foreign markets" or by "turning producers into consumers." Since, as he said, the second way was "impossible," the only thing for Japan was "territorial expansion" with its "danger of war." In the democracies, no such single-minded devilment is at work. Their leaders genuinely desire peace, while their foreign offices, instruments of the same economic forces, actually prepare for a third, even greater, catastrophe. To change this fatal drift Mr. Zilliacus urges us to revolt against Mr. Bevin, who, in his view, is tamely accepting the domination of the United States, and, in accordance with Labour pledges, to make a reality of the Anglo-Soviet pact.

With most of his analysis any Socialist who is not an innocent will be to a large extent in agreement. He will agree too about the waste of British man-power abroad and urge, with Mr. Zilliacus, an effort to reach an oil agreement in the Middle East with Russia as well as with America and France. But he may find difficulty in understanding what Mr. Zilliacus means about the Anglo-Soviet pact. An old hand in the ways of diplomacy, Mr. Zilliacus is sufficiently sceptical when Western statesmen talk about friendship with the U.S.S.R. They have two policies or rather their policy has two aspects. They want agreement, if they can get it on their own terms and they prepare for war on the assumption that their hopes of peace will fail. They justify these preparations by the argument that the U.S.S.R. only understands force so that agreement is more likely if they are strong. By the same token the U.S.S.R. leaders assert their desire to co-operate, but at the same time by speeches, propaganda and day-by-day policy, show that they still act on the assumption of a coming clash between Communism and Capitalism.

Mr. Zilliacus can provide plenty of evidence to justify their view, but it is surely simple-minded of him to ask his readers always to suspect the double game of the West and to accept at face value the co-operative utterance of Soviet leaders. The problem, which he does not face in this book (which is only the first of a trilogy) will presumably be the subject of his third volume. If the more doctrinaire Marxists now control Russian policy and refuse those compromises without which no agreement with anyone is ever possible, what does Mr. Zilliacus suggest that Western Socialists, even if they are fervent Marxists, should do? It is no use talking about the Anglo-Soviet pact and co-operation with Russia, if the Soviet Union itself believes on theoretical and empirical grounds that Soviet security depends on assuming the hostility of the West. Nor, in that case, is it any more to the purpose to quote Stalin on the hope of co-operation than Bevin on the same great theme. In both cases the world must judge by the policy pursued, and on that the U.S.S.R. seems less ready for compromise than the United States. Mr. Zilliacus may argue that it is mainly Western policy that has led Soviet leaders to assume hostility. But that does not affect the argument. Agreement must be two-sided; it is clear that Russian policy must also change if the clash is to be avoided; it must change at least as much as American policy has changed between the Truman doctrine and the Marshall offer.

Mr. Louis Fischer also writes about Russia; and he lived there, and wrote from there as a not very critical Stalinist for many years. His disillusion during the great purge of 1937 was human and inevitable. His hatred of the Russian secret police is shared by all decent Western people. But his disillusion has upset his balance as a thinker and journalist, and he has developed, perhaps as a protection against self-criticism, an inordinate vanity. It is unwise for any mortal to insist that he has always been right—especially unwise when his prophecies and pontifications may be already disproved or made out of date by the time his book is available to readers.

In spite of an extravagant pomposity and tendency to lay down obvious political truths as if they were quotations from an unpublished chapter of Genesis Mr. Fischer can still write good descriptive journalism and much that he says is true, even if obvious. But he is now more simple-minded about America than he ever was about Russia in his near-Communist days. Having discarded the Marxist analysis, which gave substance to his earlier writing, he can write about American Democracy in terms that will not disturb the politically illiterate. Mr. Fischer should take a long holiday from writing about world ideologies. I suggest that he re-visits India (his two most interesting chapters describe his journey there during the war), and devote his real talents as a reporter to understanding and explaining the exciting problems of Hindustan and Pakistan.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

TERROR BY NIGHT

Westminster in War. By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Almost as clear as the sirens themselves, the sticks-of-four, the bumbling doodlebug, and the majestic rocket, there remains in my memory a story by Mr. William Sansom entitled "The Wall." It lit up, at a time when one was doubly grateful for such imaginative flashes, a single incident, almost a single moment, during the Blitz: that of firemen fighting the flames, and of a wall, storeys high, beginning to crumple and fall. How interminably in the night it hung over the men at work, some of them aware, some not, of what was happening! The sensations of being there—and, in the same breath, of being (thank goodness!) *not* there—caught together remarkably a multitude of close shaves. Mr. Sansom was in the fire service himself and no doubt experienced, or barely escaped experiencing, the scene he described. He has written now the history of one sector in that battle for London; a narrative, that is to say, of the City of Westminster during its intermittent siege or bombardment. Primarily, this is a book of record and of fact.

One of the first facts that may surprise even those who live in Westminster is that its boundaries extend from Oxford Street to the Embankment, and from the Temple to Kensington Gardens: a more expansive City (I have a window view of it as I write) than the other one down the river. It has its parks, its palaces and Parliament, its Abbey, its shaded walks and shadier by-streets, its government departments, slums, riverside, theatreland, art galleries, foreign quarter, and a vast ugly acreage of building that, socially speaking, has gone downhill by leaps and bounds. And here and there a levelled corner or a row of houses without windows or a town rockery haunted by children and cats may snatch us back three, seven years. Surely that's where . . . good God, now I remember. Yet one hasn't—even an ambulator like myself—a sense of neighbourliness or citizenship within these particular confines, which include Belgravia and Soho but not Battersea or Chelsea. To hark back when they "got it" in Mayfair, I didn't feel I was getting it. *They* weren't, in that all-engrossing apprehension, *we*. The radius of neighbourliness during air attack is considerably under a mile.

Less restrictedly, of course, for the man on the job, fireman, policeman, warden, ambulance driver, rescue worker, who developed an acute sense of locality. Mr. Sansom's duties took him a good deal about Westminster and by compiling this record he has given a unity to forgotten confines. The figures and the sample story re-establish boundaries as nothing else could. During the Blitz of 1940–41 786 people were killed and 1,338 seriously injured within the City limits; and to these must be added later casualties from sporadic raids and flying bombs. (Only one rocket, surprisingly, hit this large area of Central London.) There were quiet nights and noisy nights, incidents lucky and unlucky. A chance bomb falling on a big surface shelter killed and mutilated scores of people who had already been bombed out of their houses that night; Buckingham Palace was singled out by a daylight raider and its bomb exploded harmlessly in the quadrangle while the Royal family sat at tea in a first-floor room. The Guards' Chapel was demolished at one of the few hours during the week when it was packed full. Yet one's chance, as an average citizen, of survival was enormous: only 0.71 persons were killed and 1.21 wounded per bomb. With the flying

bomb these figures rose sharply to 9.2 and 22.8; but the increase was due not so much to the destructiveness of the new weapon as to lack of caution on the part of the average Londoner. By that time people were tired of being potted at, indignant with a new mechanism of chance, and both unable and unwilling (with the war entered on its last phase) to return to conditions of siege. The psychological battle begun four years earlier had been decisively won by the attacked, and nothing—except atom bombs, or the rain of machine-gun shells promised next in the attacker's plan—could have altered that situation. Westminster itself had come out well, with relatively small casualties and damage; its famous buildings were still, for the most part, intact. While it had taken its share, others had taken more than theirs, from the blazing dock quarter with which it all started to the doodlebugs dropping just south with an idiotic precision. The enormous toll, however, was in human nerves, wasted time and energy. Mr. Sansom gives a full account of the public services involved, including some that may not have come our way: a mortuary worker, for example, who after a bad Saturday night would turn up unasked on the Sunday morning. The local authority of those days was more highly regarded than in a peacetime election when less than 40 per cent of Londoners bothered to vote.

Mr. Sansom's is a valuable book of facts—the first, I believe, of its kind—from which we learn far more of what was going on than could possibly have been known at the time. But the feelings are exactly right, too; here, put together from memory and written report, is a history of the inarticulate. Day by day, and at times almost minute by minute, Mr. Sansom relates what happened. One bomb whips the roof off a shelter to discover nine persons inside sitting shocked but unhurt; an old gentleman sleeps every night at the bottom of the Piccadilly escalator, in those days the "windiest corner in London"; the wounded and the dying behave heartbreakingly well, while a cordon is rushed by sightseers unable to resist the spectacle. Morbid curiosity of this kind, says Mr. Sansom, was not unusual. He gives a remarkably complete picture both of events and of the emotions involved. I must quote at some length from a narrative that carries its details beautifully and that fills out the scene in a descriptive prose of this order:

> A match might not be struck, nor a headlight switched on. A glimmer of "starlight" filtered down from some street-lamps in the main thoroughfares, the red, green and yellow traffic lights were masked to show only thin crosses of their colour. This darkness flared into sudden relief—in the yellow flash of gunfire, in the whitish-green hiss of incendiaries, in the copper-red reflection of the fires, in the yellow flare of the burning gas-main, in the red explosion of the bomb. In such light the gilt tracery of Big Ben's tower flashed into colour, the sombre drab alleys round Covent Garden blazed with a theatrical daylight, the corrugated skylines of Park Lane and Knightsbridge showed black against the deep red sky, the streets of Pimlico and Soho saw the high scarfing columns of a naked gas flame flaring like some giant idealisation of the naphtha flames that through the years had lit their fairs and their stalls.
>
> These were the lights—but there were also dark streets, streets where suddenly a house of blackness collapsed with a roar, shifting down heavily like a bricked elephant lumbering to its knees, thickening the darkness with a poisonous cloud of dust, shrouding the moment after its fall with a fearful empty silence broken only by small sounds, the whispering of broken water pipes, slight shiftings of debris, moans and little cries of the injured; then into the torchlight of the wardens there would stagger those untrapped, lonely figures in the dust-fog bleached grey with powder and streaked and patched with black blood; or—there would be nobody, and not a sound, only a living silence in the knowledge that under a smoking, spawning mass of timber and brick and dust there lay pressed and stifled the bodies of warm people whose minutes were slowly ticking away, whose rescue was absurdly blocked by a mass of intractible weight that angered those standing so few yards above.

Westminster in War, then, not only provides another war narrative, excellent of its kind, but invokes the pity that all but a few of such narratives shelve. Perhaps the soldier writing about soldiers is beyond communicating pity, as the plain citizen is not quite up to it. Whatever the reason talent and insight have transcribed here a memorable page in the history of common humanity.

G. W. STONIER

VOICES FROM THE CHURCH

The Claims of the Church of England. By CYRIL GARBETT, Archbishop of York. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 15s.

Theology of Society. By V. A. DEMANT. *Faber and Faber.* 10s. 6d.

As well they may be, the leaders of the Established and the Free Churches are vastly perturbed by the scanty and still diminishing congregations, both in the parish churches and the Nonconformist chapels. An Archbishops' Commission has published an elaborate report, *Towards the Conversion of England*, suggesting the reasons for the decline and the methods that may again attract the people to the pews. "Commando" missions have been organised to implement the Commission's proposals, and the Industrial Christian Fellowship, the one body in the Church with any real understanding of the character of the times, is striving with some success to bring religion into relation with social and economic secular life.

These two books, however, each in its own way, suggest that the Church is woefully detached from contemporary realities. Dr. Garbett, who has been ordained for nearly fifty years, is the most experienced ecclesiastic of the Anglican bench. He has been vicar of Portsea, Bishop of Southwark and Winchester and is now Archbishop of York. His experience in the mean streets of South London made him a persistent advocate of housing reform. He is certainly not unaware that degrading social conditions make the living of the ideal Christian personal life infinitely difficult.

But in his new book, His Grace is strangely complacent. He repeats the familiar moaning over present wickedness. He writes, for example: "Honesty and truthfulness have lost the high place they once held in national life," which is, I believe, quite untrue. Unpleasant as it may be, the fact is that the Christian virtues—unselfishness, courage, the love of fair play and the rest—are still evident in the traffic of everyday life, despite the waning influence of the Christian Church.

This is not to say that religion might not play a great part in the creation of a better social economy, both (to quote Professor Tawney) "by a determination to assert the superiority of moral values over economic appetites" and by the quickening of personal imagination and of personal appreciation of all that is fair and comely. But the Church of England is failing in both these respects.

Dr. Garbett, himself a High Churchman, regards the Church's comprehensiveness as its strength and as the proof of its definitely English character. Some of its bishops, notably their lordships of London and Oxford, are at least as Catholic as Andrewes and Laud. Others, notably his lordship of Birmingham, are hardly to be differentiated from Unitarians. Dr. Garbett recognises that the toleration of fundamental diversity leads to congregationalism and confusion and he is anxious for the exercise of episcopal

MADE FOR MILLIONS
edited by
FREDERICK LAWS
A critical study of the new media of information and entertainment
Just out
10/- *net*

THE WATERSHED
by
ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL
An exciting travelogue of postwar Yugoslavia
Ready July
12/- *net*

CONTACT PUBLICATIONS
26 Manchester Square
London W1

Collet's ADDRESS CHANGES
the London W.C.1 addresses of Collet's, book importers and exporters, now are:
SUBSCRIPTION and MAIL ORDER
40, Great Russell St.
Museum 5897
through this service you can get English or foreign journals and books or have them posted to friends abroad
RUSSIAN SHOP
67, Great Russell St.
Chancery 8392
for books and journals in Russian and translations of them into other languages
THE general manager's office will be at 9, Southampton Place, Holborn 0307; and the wholesale trade dept. will remain at its present address 67, Gt. Russell St., Hol. 3222

Browns and Chester
by
Mass-Observation
edited by
H. D. Willcock
This is a most unusual experiment in the writing of social history. It is the story of the development of the big store Browns and its relation to the fashions and life of Chester and the area round. The story is local and particular but in essence and in application it is the story of Anytown. Illustrated with coloured frontispiece and numerous collotype plates.
15/-
LINDSAY DRUMMOND

June Number Now on Sale
FURTHER EDUCATION
24 Pages 1s. 6d. Illustrated
Editor: JOHN MACKAY-MURE
CONTENTS:
National Foundation for Adult Education
E. M. HUTCHINSON
Experiment in Community
LESLIE W. WILSON
The Record of the British Army
W. S. BEDDALL
Senior Boy Training
JAMES HEMMING
An American Experiment in Education—II
ESTHER RAUSHENBUSH
and
Commentaries on films, radio, music and books
SUBSCRIPTION: One Pound a Year to any address
Turnstile Press Limited
10, GT. TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

discipline, apparently mainly to check the vagaries of extreme Anglo-Catholic curates.

He admits that the Church during the eighteenth and a great part of the nineteenth century was properly disliked, but he claims that it now has a large measure of popular respect. That may be, but it is a very negative respect.

The Archbishop on the whole values the State connection, making the startling suggestion that if the Church chose its own bishops, neither God nor William Temple would ever have been given episcopal preferment. This again is surely wrong.

He emphasises the financial straits of the parish clergy and he admits their deficiencies, particularly as preachers. But he fails to recognise that one of the main reasons for the empty churches is that the Church of England has succeeded in making religious exercises insufferably dull. Matins and Evensong, with long and often bloodthirsty Psalms, sung by an indifferent choir, and a fatuous sermon, are hours of boredom. "You can't expect an old drunk to be interested in Matins," declared old Prebendary Carlile, nor can you expect any natural man to be interested.

The churches should be made bright and homely with gaily painted pictures, children's corners, and so on; the curates should be taught to preach; the order of services should be radically reformed; old suggestive and picturesque ceremonies, connected with sowings and reaping, should be revived; new endeavours to link religion with contemporary life, such as the blessings of the nation's mines in many colliery parishes after nationalisation, should be encouraged. With these and other similar reforms the Church might find the common people glad to listen to its mission of encouragement and hope.

If, in some respects, Dr. Garbett seems detached from the realities, Canon Demant the Anglo-Catholic philosopher, is far more detached. Canon Demant belongs to what is known as the "Christendom" group, a small body of occidental Gandhis, that meets once a year at Oxford to denounce industrialism with an apparent yearning for the return of the hand loom and spade agriculture.

Most of the essays in Canon Demant's *Theology of Society* have been published before. None of them seems to have been written since the war.

Canon Demant's philosophy derives from Jacques Maritain and Christopher Dawson. He is always pedantic, generally obscure and often pompous, and he is given to assertions that are obviously absurd. For example he writes: "In the actual world, community of living is by no means universal. It seems to be a rare and frail phenomenon." It is hardly worth while pointing out that "community of living" in families, in industry, in clubs and trade unions, sometimes even in churches, is for most of us the larger part of our days.

In another place Canon Demant writes: "Any move merely to get together without any superior aim always breaks down." It does nothing of the sort. The pleasantest forms of "getting together" have, thank God, nothing so tiresome as a "superior aim."

"Too much politics, like too much education, is a sign of social decline," is another of Canon Demant's amazing assertions. There is here the same implied scorn of the uncultured evident in T. S. Eliot's emphasis of the danger of "the tendency to assume that it is more important that everyone should be educated than that the highest standard of education for the few should be maintained."

If the voice of Canon Demant is the voice of the Church then there is not the remotest possibility of the Church ever counting for very much in the national life.

SIDNEY DARK

BRIC-A-BRAC

The Hunters and the Hunted. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

The fruits of a connoisseur's mania for collecting *objets d'art* are most often seen behind glass cases, or on occasional tables, in an elegant other-century drawing-room: seldom in imaginative literature. Balzac might have gone further than he did had not his collection included human beings; but he would have sympathised with Mr. Sitwell and read his new book with an approving nod. Here you will find a Moorish casket, a six-plumed bird of paradise, a picture of a lady in Riding Habit, a white Greenland Falcon and a Gentleman in Hunting Coat (1830); you are invited to look at them through the faded light of a London afternoon, while you drink your tea, as Mr. Sitwell describes each one with beautifully chosen phrases. The imagination, Mr. Sitwell seems to say, is after all far better than the crude, inartistic manifestations of life outside the window: "When I think what the world has been, and what it could be, I could walk up and down, and wring my hands, and weep." And without much more ado one is wafted through the palace of the Byzantine Emperors to catch a glimpse of eternity, or beauty, or to savour a colour, an expression, in old tapestries. However unwilling one may be at first to hang on to the garment of Mr. Sitwell's flying muse, one succumbs as here and there a phrase, a picture, a sudden evocation, catch at one's throat and make one look and read again. Why is it, when one reads a fastidious literary description of a face, that one thinks automatically of Walter Pater? There is, for instance, something of Pater's mood and sensibility in this picture of the Christ Pantocrator at Daphni, near Athens:

> The eyes bear marks of agony and suffering. The eyelids are livid and leaden, as of one who has never slept, and this which in human beings is to be seen upon the lower lids, below the eyes, has spread to the upper eyelids. Out of this the eyes are staring. The nose is long and thin. . . . It is the face of a being who has endured appalling suffering, and who, unquestionably, has risen from the dead.

The muse flies on, the language becomes effervescent as the imaginative heights soar higher in descriptions of the various tapestries—The Hunts of Maximilian and the Royal Hunt of Louis Quinze. One feels a little lost in this magnificently stylised world of costly fabrics and strange customs; the book sprawls and Mr. Sitwell digresses, so that for a hundred pages or so the reader has difficulty in finding his bearings. In the far-off classical world one suddenly finds oneself confronted with Picasso and a brilliant interpretation of his work. Mr. Sitwell is fascinated by the weeping women of Guernica; in that painting he sees a visionary symbol of the sufferings of the present age. Then quite suddenly the rich language becomes sober and Mr. Sitwell reveals his purpose in the few odd pages of autobiographical matter by giving a glimpse of London as it is now, the London of spivs and juke-boxes, milk-bars and young lovers in the parks. Truth is always sad, to paraphrase Gide, and Mr. Sitwell does not contemplate it for long: after a few sober facts he takes refuge in the imagination, and urges the reader to do the same:

> Bend down and dig the strawberry root, and wash your face and hands in strawberry water, for the world must be revived by magic! So long as the spell works it matters not what it means, or if it has no meaning, but we are hungry and thirsty for the transcendental mood.

Reality is fobbed off with strawberry water, the Budget forgotten in a leisurely hour's contemplation of the brilliant plumage of humming birds and birds of paradise.

ROBIN KING

THE KEN BOOKSHOP

84 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

FOR

ALL THE BEST MODERN BOOKS

- TECHNICAL AND ART BOOKS
- CHILDREN'S SECTION
- SECOND HAND DEPT.

We offer a first-class Book Service. All enquiries promptly and accurately answered. Titles not immediately available, gladly kept on order.

Telephone: VICtoria 2738

POLEMIC

Edited by Humphrey Slater

past and future contributors include

BERTRAND RUSSELL
GEORGE ORWELL
STEPHEN SPENDER
A. J. AYER
JOHN WISDOM
K. R. POPPER
ARTHUR WALEY
WILLIAM SANSOM
ARTHUR KOESTLER

Polemic is a magazine of philosophy, psychology and æsthetics. Published at 5 Bathurst St., W.2 by Rodney Phillips & Co. Subscriptions are invited at 32/- for twelve issues, 16/- for six issues.

LEISURE

is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

● **One of to-day's problems** is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the material post-war advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

● **London University Degrees** are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three exams., Matriculation (or, if you are over 23 the shorter Special Entrance Examination), Intermediate, and Final; you may study for these at home and in your own time, wherever you are.

● **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for the above examinations are conducted by a staff of 80 University Graduates. These Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of *all* difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees may be spread over the period of the Course.

● **Write for PROSPECTUS** (saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Law or Theology) to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. VH24,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

PROPRIETORS: DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LTD.

"It's only natural! The first things to become scarce are always the best, the things that everybody wants."

Home supplies of White Horse Whisky seem even smaller, because so very many people ask for it first.

MAXIMUM PRICES:— *Bottle* 25/9, ½-*Bottle* 13/6 *as fixed by the* Scotch Whisky Association

FRANK THOMPSON

There is a Spirit in Europe. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d

Because we were spared a Nazi occupation, we have never really understood what the resistance movements meant in Europe. That is why we are forgetting them and are almost ready to forgive those who were on the wrong side. But there were men from Britain who understood. They were over there working alongside the *maquis* in the Haute Savoie or the partisans in the mountains of Bosnia, sending back demands for arms that came late or never, urging Whitehall to abandon prejudice and to help men who were tying up valuable German and Italian divisions. What did these Britons, who had dropped out of the night into strange countries, feel about their work? Was it just another war job, or was it something bigger than that? At the end of 1943 one of them wrote:

> There is a spirit abroad in Europe which is finer and braver than anything that tired continent has known for centuries, and which cannot be withstood. You can, if you like, think of it in terms of politics, but it is broader and more generous than any dogma. It is the confident will of whole peoples, who have known the utmost humiliation and suffering and who have triumphed over it, to build their own life once and for all.

Thus Frank Thompson wrote home at the end of 1943, only a few months before he was executed alongside a group of Bulgarian partisans to whom he was attached as a British liaison officer. For him, at least, that feeling made the war seem something more than a futile shambles.

When he died, Frank Thompson was twenty-four. The son of Edward Thompson, a writer who spent himself generously in the struggle for Indian freedom, he grew up in a happy and enlightened home. He was a poet of considerable promise. He had received, at Winchester and New College, an education so full that, he wrote, "life could never be tedious though one lived for ten millenia." In his first year at Oxford he joined the Communist Party and, at his summary trial, he proudly reaffirmed his political opinions. When war broke out he volunteered, served in the Libyan desert and Paiforce, taught himself six languages in his spare time, and then, after taking part in the Sicilian invasion, volunteered for the special duties on which he met an heroic death. This memoir, prepared by his mother and brother, consists of extracts from his diary and his letters, some of his poems, and accounts of his work with the Bulgarian partisans. It reveals how well he deserves the high honour in which he is now held by the Bulgarian people, who have made him one of their national heroes.

Though the form of the memoir is necessarily scrappy, it brings out clearly the passionate idealism and personal integrity of Frank Thompson. Through these letters and diary jottings there runs, as a recurrent theme, his belief that the Europe of the future would be worth the horror and suffering in which it was being born. There are brilliant passages in which he catches a place, a person, or an impression and sets it down, not to fill up the page but because he really cared about it. He was always trying to discover to himself the things that really mattered in life. In one letter he wrote:

> . . . the question of building a new communal ethic is one of the most important that we have to elaborate. My own list of priorities is as follows:—
>
> 1. *People* and everything to do with people, their habits, their loves and hates, their arts, their languages. Everything of importance revolves around *people*.
>
> 2. *Animals and Flowers*. These bring me a constant under-current of joy. Just now I'm revelling in plum-blossom and young lambs and the first leaves on the briar-roses. One doesn't need any more than these. These are enough for a hundred life-times.

His Communism was part of his idealism, of his search for fulfilment. He wanted to get things done and believed that being a Communist was the right way of doing them.

Frank Thompson never came back to:
Tea with lemon by the lavender bed,
To be at peace, not trying to be a soldier!
The cornfield rippling in the evening light.
Among known walks, not feeling myself a stranger!
In that cool haven of my yearning
To rest with eyes half-closed and savour,
Along with millions Europe over,
The still strong joy of our returning!

It is easy to be sentimental about the dead. It is harder, in this aftermath of disillusion and muddle, to recall the high purposes some of them set before themselves and us. But we shall be poorer, lacking them, unless we try.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

to any address in the world.

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d.

By Air to any country in Europe, £3 yearly.

Canada and U.S.A., Air Edition £3 15s. ($15), yearly; Six months, £2 ($8).

Surface Edition, $8 Yearly; Six months, $4.

Subscriptions may be remitted to BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.

To other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

***POSTAGE** on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.*

Coal. By D. R. GRENFELL, M.P. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Grenfell, who began in the pits at the age of twelve and rose during the war to be a Minister of the Crown, knows as much about mining as anyone. All the more pity that only the first 85 out of the 205 pages of this publication are devoted to his own book proper. Nearly all the remainder is taken up with the text of the Miners' Charter and with the Coal Industry Nationalisation Act, with its Schedules, this last occupying 111 pages, or substantially more than half of the whole book. There is not much left for Mr. Grenfell himself, especially as quite a number of his pages are taken up with diagrams showing the distribution of coalfields, methods of coal-mining, ventilation and haulage systems, and so on. In effect, what he has written is a short, and, as far as it goes, quite interesting pamphlet, dealing largely with the simpler aspects of the technique of mining. It is useful for the public to have these facts put before them in easily understood language, but we find it hard to excuse the charges of 8s. 6d. for what is really no more than a pamphlet.

Aspects of British Economic History, 1918-1925. By A. C. PIGOU. *Macmillan.* 15s.

Professor Pigou is always a very cautious writer, and in this study of what happened to the British economy during the six or seven years after the first World War he maintains his reputation for this quality. The result is that his book is not at all easy to read, and is likely to serve rather as a quarry for those in search of information than as a satisfying interpretation of the events with which he deals. Opinions can, indeed, sometimes be inferred and are even sometimes directly stated—for example, Professor Pigou makes it clear that he considers the post-war slump to have been largely due to a lack of confidence among business men when the immediate impetus of "once-for-all" orders for replacements and re-stockings at the end of the war slackened off. This, however, is an exceptional instance of a categorical imputation of causes, and, for the most part, Professor Pigou contents himself with reciting and clarifying the sheer facts. His book opens with a somewhat deterrent account of the movements of employment during the immediate post-war period, based on material hitherto not generally available.

VIA IMPERIAL

SEND A CABLE — IT'S EASY

You've a cable office in your home if you're on the telephone. Just phone your nearest Cable and Wireless office or ask for 'Foreign Telegrams' and dictate your message. Otherwise hand it in at any Cable and Wireless office or any Post Office.

CABLE BY TELEPHONE

You can send a 12 word social message to any place in the Empire for 3/- to 5/-.

CABLE AND WIRELESS LTD., ELECTRA HOUSE, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, W.C.2

TELEPHONE: TEMple BAR 8494

CV3-77

Company Meeting

DAILY NEWS LIMITED

GROWTH OF CIRCULATION

THE annual general meeting of the Daily News Limited was held on June 18th in London.

Mr. L. J. Cadbury, the chairman, said that the outstanding event for them in 1946 was the raising of the restriction on sale following the increase in the supply of newsprint granted towards the end of September. That meant that for the first time since 1941 all readers had been able to buy the paper of their choice. Competition had once more begun to operate and the wishes of the reading public now exerted their influence over the nation's newspapers. That was an important social fact as well as a welcome return to free enterprise.

With that freedom of sale there had, of course, been considerable changes in circulation. Their London evening newspaper "The Star," had shown a most gratifying increase and was now selling over a million copies a day, while "The News Chronicle" sales were in the region of 1,600,000. The increase in "The Star" sale was now nearly 50 per cent. above its sale for last September and was a record percentage increase for any London evening newspaper. It continued to progress.

Despite that modest increase in its raw material, the British Press was still restricted to a lower figure than that of any other industry in the country. They looked forward to the day when it might be relieved. Unfortunately, they could not be very optimistic. From 40 to 50 per cent. of their present supplies came from overseas, almost entirely from dollar sources, and their shortage of dollars was obviously going to be a matter of grave embarrassment for some time to come. The rest of their newsprint comes from the home paper mills, and there they were confronted with the double shortage of coal and wood pulp. They must face the fact that a return to newspapers of a size more suited to the needs of one of the world's great democracies was postponed to a distant future. That was a national misfortune.

After some delay in choosing its chairman and personnel, the Royal Commission on the Press had been set up. He welcomed the statement in its terms of reference that it had been appointed "with the object of furthering the free expression of opinion through the Press." More than ever they saw that a free Press was an essential condition of democratic government.

They hoped that the Royal Commission would be able to give publicity to the handicaps under which the Press in this country laboured. In addition to the newsprint shortage there was, for instance, the incalculable nature of the existing law of libel.

The methods by which at least some element of competition had been introduced into the newspaper industry might not be exactly applicable elsewhere. He hoped, however, that they would encourage other controlled industries to seek out methods suitable to their own circumstances. Despite the Government's nationalisation projects it must not be forgotten that the area of private enterprise in this country was still very wide. If the nation was to return to economic health, incentives must be restored and the spirit of vigorous competition and initiative must be recovered in all branches of industry.

The report was adopted.

THE BANK IS INTERESTED

It is interested in its customers, in their affairs and in their business ventures; it is ready, by direct assistance and friendly counsel, to help those affairs forward, for it recognises that the prosperity of the Bank is to be found in the prosperity of its customers. It is, therefore, good business to keep in touch with your Bank. The Manager at any branch of the Westminster Bank will be glad to discuss with you any problem in which the services of the Bank can usefully be employed

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

From this he passes to studies of the "intractable million" who remained unemployed, even when the post-war slump had spent its force, and of the course of physical production during the years under review. Next follow useful but all too brief chapters on the course of events in a number of key industries—shipbuilding, building and cotton. The next part deals with Government controls during the war years and with their precipitate removal after 1918. Here again Professor Pigou cautiously ventures an opinion that if the controls had been kept on a little longer things *might* have worked out a bit better; but he qualifies even this statement by expressing the view that they might not have done so unless the Government had used its retention of controls to good purpose. The later chapters deal largely with the monetary factors and with the course of money and real incomes. There are some new figures, but for the most part they travel over familiar ground. There is a useful statistical appendix.

Week-end Competitions

No. 904

Set by Naomi Lewis

A criticism of any living writer by a writer of the past: in 150 words, or, if characteristic, 16 lines of verse. Entries by July 1st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 901

Set by Sam Smiles

Six guineas are offered for the best English verses translating Goethe's *Anakreons Grab*.

Wo die Rose hier blüht, wo Reben um Lorbeer sich schlingen,
Wo das Turtelchen lockt, wo sich das Grillchen ergötzt,
Welch ein Grab ist hier, das alle Götter mit Leben
Schön bepflanzt und geziert? Es ist Anakreons Ruh.
Frühling, Sommer und Herbst genoss der glückliche Dichter;
Vor dem Winter hat ihn endlich der Hügel geschützt.

Report by Sam Smiles

Over a hundred and seventy entries, many of them by competitors who were translating from their native language, including two prisoners of war. The elegiac metre is not easy to handle in English, and I did not demand its use, though it has particular advantages for this poem because of the marvellous setting by Hugo Wolf. Frederick Fuller indeed submitted two sets of elegiacs, one of them specially designed for singing, and to this I give a prize, though his other entry is otherwise slightly preferable. I was obliged finally to discard specially good versions from E. T. Scheffauer, Votorum Summa, E. R. L., E.S., E. F. Watling, C. P. Magree, Hassal Pitman, E. W. Fordham, Rose M. Fitzpatrick, J. L. Baxter, "Brigadier," R. S. Jaffray, William Bliss, V. E. S., and (in a free contemporary idiom) Graeme Wilson. I recommend that the prize be divided between R. M. Graves, R. J. P. Hewison, J. Cairncross, Frances Lobb, Shok, L. E. J., Moo, and Frederick Fuller.

Here, when the rose tree blooms, where the vine intertwines with the laurel
Where the voice of the Turtledove charms
And the cricket grows drunk with his song,
What is this grave that all the Gods have blessed with abundant
Life and a garment of green?
This is Anacreon's Rest.
Springtime, summer and fall he enjoyed, the glad-hearted singer
Whom the soft mound of his grave shields from the winter at last.

R. M. GRAVES

Here, where the roses flower,
The turtle-doves repine,
The crickets take their pleasure
And round the laurel twine
The fingers of the vine;

By all the gods embellished,
With beauty sown and zest,
Whom doth, divinely dowered,
This sepulchre attest?
Anacreon here hath rest.

He joyed his fill of spring-time,
The poet fortune-crowned,
Of summer too and autumn;
At last, ere winter, found
The shelter of this mound.

R. J. P. HEWISON

Here where the roses bloom, where the vines encircle the laurel,
Where the turtle-dove calls, where the cricket takes its delight,
What man's grave is this that all the Gods have adorned it
With living things and with life?
Here Anacreon sleeps.
Spring to the poet was kind and kind were summer and autumn
And by this mound at the last sheltered from winter he lies.

J. CAIRNCROSS

Where rose and grape and laurel twine,
Cricket and dove sing orisons,
What grave is this the gods combine
To bless? It is Anacreon's.
Spring, summer, autumn, sweet he found,
And fears not winter 'neath this mound.

FRANCES LOBB

Here where, with roses and with vines
The poet's laurel intertwines,
Where the cicadas shrill and doves
Softly tell their murmurous loves,
For whom this grave where living grace
From every God fills the green space?
Anacreon's abiding-place.
The happy comrade of the Spring
Summer and Autumn, ere the sting
Of Winter reached him, harbours now
Beneath this hillock's lowly brow.

SHOK

Here where the rose is blowing and vine with laurel entwining,
Here where the turtle-dove woos, here where the grasshopper plays,
Whose may this sepulchre be that all the Gods have enlivened
Planted, embellished, adorned? It is Anacreon's bed.
Spring and Summer and Fall—O fortunate poet!—he savoured,
Now from Winter's attack under the Mound he is safe.

L. E. J.

A rose in bloom, a laurel's grace
Caught in a tendril's close embrace. . . .

Where crickets dance, with brief delight
And turtle-doves call through the night. . . .

What grave is this the gods have seen
And beautified with living green?

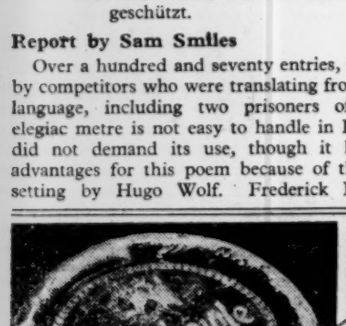
It is a happy poet's rest
Who loved earth's seasons—was their guest

Until this hillock in its fold
Protected him from winter's cold.

MOO

Here mid roses in bloom, mid laurels and vines intertwining,
Where the turtle-dove coos, where all the crickets are gay,
Ah, what grave is here, that all the Gods have laboured
To embellish and adorn? 'Tis here Anacreon sleeps.
Springtime, summer and autumn blessed the fortunate poet;
From the winter now the earth gives him shelter and rest.

FREDERICK FULLER

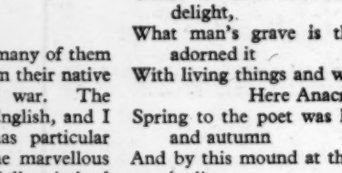


An Echo from Tobruk

"You published the story of a Padre who was given some Tobacco from a wreck in Tobruk Harbour, by a sapper. The date was Feb. 15/43. A supply ship had been partly beached and the tobacco was floating ashore. I selected yours . . . it was in perfect condition."
(From the Sapper himself.)

JOHN SINCLAIR'S
Barneys

Barneys (*medium*), **Punchbowle** (*full*), **Parsons Pleasure** (*mild*), **1oz. 4/1d.**



— and, behind the scenes, an order system which will ensure, in due course, the arrival of that special book which is always so annoyingly "reprinting".

ALFRED WILSON
BOOKSELLERS LTD
7 Ship Tavern Passage E.C.3
155 Victoria Street S.W.1
11-14 Hampstead High Street N.W.3

CURICONES
FOR
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, GOUT AND ALL RHEUMATIC ILLS
DOCTORS USE IT
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

PURELY PERSONAL

SATELLITE TOWN PLANNING . . . . for an increased supply of King Six Cigars (1/6d. each) . . . so are we all.

TWELFTH CENTURY PAINTINGS AT HARDHAM AND CLAYTON
by
CLIVE BELL
With 61 Illustrations in Collotype, 3 Gns.
Limited edition 400 copies
MILLER'S PRESS
LEWES

ACADEMY CINEMA (Ger. 2981)
MICHELE MORGAN in
LA LOI DU NORD (A)
and
THE GREAT PROMISE (U)
A Story of Palestine.

RICARLO—the King of Aperitifs—alone or with gin will "make" your next party. Get a bottle today from your wine merchant.

Don't just ask for 'plugs'—
and THE WORD IS
K·L·G

Appointments Vacant

UNIV. of Birmingham. Faculty of Arts. Applics. invited for following appointments: Assistant Lecturers in Greek and Latin; English; German (primarily for Science students); Spanish; Geography; Philosophy; French; Grade IIb Lecturer in French; Grade IIc Lecturer in Medieval History; Grade IIc Lecturer in Music (on side of technique). Posts open equally to men and women candidates. Successful applicants will be expected to take up their duties on October 1 next, or as soon as possible thereafter. Salary scale: Assistant Lecturer £400-£500, Grade IIc Lecturer £550-£600, Grade IIb Lecturer £600-£750. Further partics. of above appointments from C. G. Burton, Sec., The University, Edmund St. Birmingham, 3, to whom 3 copies of applics., with copies of not more than 3 testims., should be sent by July 14. No special applic. form.

UNIV. of Edinburgh. The University Court invite applics. for the post of Lecturer in Dept. of Political Economy. Sal. will be in range £500 to £650 p.a. according to qualifics. and exp., and appointment, which is subject to conditions of Federated Superannuation System for Universities, will date from Oct. 1. Applics., with copy of 2 testimonials, should be lodged with R. Jardine Brown, Secretary of the University, by July 31.

UNIV. of Adelaide. Applics. invited from persons qualified to supervise and instruct in the Case Work prescribed for the Diploma in Social Science. Applicants should hold a Univ. Degree and Diploma in Social Science and must have had exp. in social work. Sal. £450-£550 (Australian) p.a. according to qualifics., and will begin from date the appointee takes up duties at Adelaide. Appointment, in first instance, will be for period of two years, and a first class steamer passage to Adelaide will be provided. Further partics. may be obtained from Secretary, Universities Bureau of the British Empire, 8 Park St. W.1. Closing date for receipt of applics. is June 30, 1947.

INTERNATIONAL Co-operative Alliance, with offices in London, England, is about to appoint a Director as its Chief Official, and invites applics. for the post. The Alliance is an international federation of co-operative organisations and, therefore, applicants must have a good knowledge of the practices and principles of Co-operation. The official languages used in communications and publications of the Alliance are English, French and German, and all applicants must be proficient in at least English and one of the other languages. Comm. sal. for the post of Director will be £1,250 to £1,500 p.a., according to qualifics. and exp. Applics. should be made in own handwriting, and enclosed in an env. endorsed "Director" and forwarded in time to reach the offices of the International Co-operative Alliance, 14 Gt. Smith St. S.W.1, by July 5th.

WORLD Friendship Association, Ltd. Applics. invited for post of National Director capable of organising and developing British organisation for international friendship and exchange. Comm. salary £1,000-£1,250. Apply within 2 weeks to: Hon. Secy., 23 Baron's Keep, London, W.14.

B.B.C. invites applics. for posts of Education Officers in North-West and London areas. Duties will involve travelling in area concerned to visit schools and hold meetings and discussions with teachers and educational bodies. General educational exp. of as varied a nature as possible is desirable. This should include exp. of teaching in school and further education and good knowl. of educational system. Pending the settlement of Corporation's post-war establishment now proceeding, the post will be non-established. Max. starting sal. (consolidated) £690 p.a., rising to £890 p.a., annual increment £40. Applics. must be made on prescribed form which can, together with further details of post and information on Superannuation position of teachers serving with B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, W.1. For reply please enclose s.a.e. Closing date for receipt of completed application forms July 12. Envelopes to be marked "Education—Manchester/London."

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Assistant-in-Charge, Overseas Audience Research Unit. Duties include planning radio listening investigations among Dominion, Colonial and British Forces overseas audiences both by postal questionnaires and through Overseas Representatives. Work involves keeping statistics of short wave programmes rebroadcast by overseas stations and collecting information from correspondence and written sources. Knowl. of technique of assessing public opinion essential. Some knowl. of or interest in Empire desirable. Max. starting salary £690 p.a., rising to £890 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Overseas Research," within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose stamped add. env.

SECRETARY reqd. for Newcastle-upon-Tyne Council of Social Service. Comm. salary £350 p.a. Further particulars may be obtained on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from 24 St. Mary's Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

L.C.C. Reqd. for Sept., 1947, at Avery Hill Training College, Eltham, S.E.9, a Lecturer (woman) in Geography. Applicant should have an hons. degree of a British University or high academic qualifics. Teaching exp. essential and training desirable. Sal. on Training College scale. Applics. (no forms req.), direct to Principal within ten days of the appearance of this advertisement. (1699.)

ORGANISING Secretary (woman) to the Hereford County Federation of Women's Institutes reqd. Sal. £300-£400 according to qualifics. Applications, giving qualifics., exp. and at least 2 names for refs., should be sent to County Chairman, Mrs. Lushington, Glewstone Rise, Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire.

Appointments Vacant—continued

L.C.C. Reqd. at Purzedown Training College, Welham Rd. S.W.17, in September, 1947, a Lecturer (woman) for English Literature and Language. Good degree essential. Interest in Infant and Primary School work a recomm. Salary on Training College scale. Applic. forms from the Principal, to whom they should be returned immediately. (1763.)

UNIV. of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate: Vacancy for an Assistant to the Secretaries (man or woman). Duties, which will be mainly concerned with science subjects, will include detailed work in connection with preparation of question papers, editing of syllabuses, and the work of subject committees. Applicants should have a good science degree; school teaching exp. will be an additional qualific. Sal. scale for this grade of officer is £450 p.a., rising by annual increments of £25 to £600 p.a., but commencing sal. may be fixed at a point on the scale above the minimum for good qualifics. and exp.; an allowance of £50 a year for each dependent child is also paid. Successful candidate will be reqd. to join the F.S.S.U. Applics., with copies of three testimonials and names of three refs., should be sent before June 30 to Sec., Syndicate Bldgs., Cambridge from whom further partics. can be obtained.

CIVIL Service Commission. Vacancies for Economic Assistants in Economic Section of Cabinet Secretariat. Sal. £275-£625 (men) or £275-£510 (women), plus consolidation additions varying between £78 and £90 for men and £63 and £72 for women. Applicants must have been born on or after Aug. 2, 1915, and have attained the age of 21 on Jan. 1, 1947. At least a Second Class Hons. Degree in Economics. or equiv. qualific. reqd. Those taking final Degree examination up to end of 1947 with expectation of at least Second Class Honours will be provisionally considered. Partics. and applic. forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gdns., W.1, or (up to July 31, 1947, only), to Chief Officer, Civil Service Commission, at following addresses:—(India) 10 Underhill Lane, Delhi; (Egypt) 8 Sharia Tolumbat, Garden City, Cairo; (Germany) c/o 2nd Echelon, G.H.Q., B.A.O.R., quoting No. 1917. Completed application form must be returned by July 7, 1947 (for candidates in the U.K.), or by Aug. 31, 1947 (for candidates overseas).

HAMPSHIRE C.C. Applics. invited for post of whole-time Psychiatric Social Worker on the staff of the County Medical Officer. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate or a Diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers, and should have had exp. in social work. Sal. will be in accordance with scale laid down by Joint Negotiating Committee, namely, £320 p.a., rising by annual increments of £20 to £480 p.a. inclusive of cost of living allowance; regard will be had to previous exp. in fixing comm. sal. Use of a car is essential for the appointment, and if the officer's private car is used, travelling allowances will be paid on the County Scale for the time being in force. Applic. forms, with full details of the appointment, may be obtained from County Medical Officer, The Castle, Winchester, to whom completed forms should be returned not later than June 30.

INTERNATIONAL Voluntary Service for Peace requires Public Relations Officer, also Services Secretary. Exp. not essential provided initiative in developing respectively publicity, fund raising and organisation of reconstruction camps and work-schemes involving voluntary personnel and internatl. contacts. Remun. etc., subject to agreement. 34 Broadway, S.W.1 (WHI. 1461).

ACKWORTH School, nr. Pontefract, Yorks. (Co-ed. boarding school cond. by Socy. of Friends). Reqd., for September, a man or woman, pref. res., to teach English to Univ. standard. Burnham scale salary. Applics. as soon as possible to Headmaster.

CLUB Leader.—The Oxford House in Bethnal Green has a vacancy for a Junior Boys' (8-14) Club Leader (Male). Post is residential and successful applicant will be reqd. to give general assistance in the Settlement as well. Salary £10 a month, plus free board and lodging, laundry, etc. (Gross value about £240-£250 p.a.). Applics. to The Oxford House, Mape St. London, E.2.

WANTED in Sept.: 1, Assistant Mistress, pref. Froebel with some exp. to take charge of 8-year-old form. Junior French and/or Handwork helpful. Res./non-res. 2, Assistant Master or Mistress to take Senior Art and some Handwork. Res./non-res. 3, Resident House Mistress for small School Hostel, pref. able to teach Needlework part-time. Recog. school. Burnham Scale. 200 pupils. Apply Headmistress, Westwood House School, Peterborough.

NAEMOOR School, Rumbling Bridge, Perthshire. (Dist. from Edinburgh 40 mls.). Wanted September, teacher to take charge of artistic activities. Technical training in art essential, and an interest in theatre-craft, or music and the dance, desirable. Full scope for someone who can make art an integral part of the life of the school, interesting the children in the applied arts: town-planning, architecture, interior decoration, design of materials, clothes, etc. Salary Teviot Scale.

THE Mount School, York. (Under management of the Society of Friends.) Wanted, Sept.: Resident Music Mistress. New Burnham scale, Govt. Pens. Apply with full partics. (no forms) to the Headmistress.

WANTED for summer term Sports Master willing to work and live with boys between 10 and 15. Recognised independent co-ed. school. Box 6886.

SURREY Voluntary Assocn. for the Care of Cripples. Handicraft Instructress reqd. 2 days weekly for soft toy-making. Exp. essential. Apply Secretary, S.V.A.C.C., 4 Gloucester Rd. Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey

Appointments Vacant—continued

KING Edward's School, Birmingham. 2 masters reqd. in Sept. to teach Geography. For one of these posts preference given to man with previous exp. of Geography teaching up to Scholarship standard. Candidates should write, explaining qualifics. and exp. and enclosing 3 testimonials if possible to Headmaster.

ENGLISH Master (Mistress), confident of his ability to guide children in enlarged co-ed. school, where prog. education is attempted in harmony with the culture and beauty of its setting. Painting, crafts an asset. Vacancy also for intelligent person, able to undertake matron's duties. Scope for applic. of psychological knowledge Box 2041.

NURSERY School Teachers (women) or expd. Warden Teachers holding C.C.R. Certificate are wanted for non-resident posts in Church of England Children's Socy. Nurseries in various parts of the country. Holidays and pay are on Burnham scale for qualified teachers, or on M. of H. scale for Warden Teachers. Applics. to Secretary, 10/1, Church of England Children's Socy. (Waifs and Strays), Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd. S.E.11.

BOARDING Home at Westerham, Kent, approved by Ministry of Educ., for 20 intelligent maladjusted children aged 2-7, receiving psychiatric and psychological help. Applics. invited for vacancies arising between Sept., 1947, and Jan., 1948, for year's training under direction of Ruth Thomas, Educational Psychologist. Maintenance allowance of £78 p.a. resident to applicants holding nursing, teaching or nursery qualifics., or with exp. of children. Applics. to be made by June 30 on forms obtainable from Homes Secretary, National Assocn. for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St. W.1.

SUMMER Holidays: Group Leaders (men and women) and riding teacher wanted for children's holiday July 28-Sept. 15. Odam Hill Children's Farm, Romansleigh, S. Molton, Devon.

FAMILY life offered to trained teacher. Suitable for mother with child between 6-14 in small boarding school in September at Redbourn, St. Albans. Box 6547.

QUALIFIED Book-keeper (man or woman) reqd. urgently for residential college in London area. Res. or non-res. Write, giving age, exp. and salary reqd. Box 7506.

NEW publication dealing with American affairs wants two intelligent secretaries or shorthand-typists. Box 8057.

REQD. as soon as possible an educated woman for resident London post, able or willing to learn to give injections to asthmatic patient. Advantage if able to drive car, and knowledge of shorthand-typewriting also useful, but not essential. Please write, stating age, training, exp. and present sal., also when free. Box 7505.

HELP sought to co-operate with mother of family, youngest 3½, training not essential, but must have understanding for children. Country house near Leatherhead. Box 133, L.P.E., 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

WORKING Housekeeper or Mother's Help wanted; live in, sm. mod. hse.; gd. home for reliable person fond children (2). Mrs. Cadogan, Well House, Haywards Heath (874)

SECRETARIES, Bookkprs., S/Typs., C/Typs., Telphnsts., Clerks, etc., promptly placed. No charge to staff. Expert Temporary Staff available for holiday relief, etc. Fine's Agency, 95a, Praed St. W. PAD. 1123 (8 lines).

Appointments Wanted

WELL educ. girl, 24, alert, intelligent, ex-officer, seeks job any capacity Oxford. Admin. exp. Drives car. Box 6903.

EDUCATIONAL Psychologist with med. know. now in Paris requires post as tutor/school for backward or delinquent children/similar. Good English, excl. refs. Box 6948.

ADAPTABLE young woman just concluded admin. appointment Internat. Relief organisation sks. interesting post anywhere, sec., linguist, widely travelled, domesticated. Used respons., hard work. Box 6940.

EX-Regular (W.O.), 45, fit, intelligent, has initiative, gd. appearance, desires position of trust, respons. Caretaker/Representative. Clerk and tech. storekeeper, kndge. transport wk., cd. take chge. small Hotel/Club. Fidelity bond if reqd. Prefer Newcastle-on-Tyne area or Scotland. Box 6939.

EXPD. Storekeeper. 7 yrs. Hospital Dietary, Catering, rationing, ordering, buying all foodstuffs, Hardware and Crockery. Staff contr. Married, 37, own hse. Gd. sportsman. Barratt, Kilbagie, Park Lane East, Reigate.

GIRL Student requires position for holidays, with children. Box 6929.

ECONS. Undergrad. (ex-A.T.S. Officer) offers services July/Aug. Any work undertaken travelling abroad in return for expenses paid. Exp. secretary (own typewriter), willing to look after children, etc. Box 6920.

VAC. work reqd. Yng. lady teacher leaving college July, needs money. Will travel. Box 6919.

EXP. lady secretary (37) shtd./typist sks. change post where keenness + initiative appreciated. Sal. £350 p.a. Box 6917.

SECRETARY exp. on Continent, shorthand, typing, full knowledge all office routine, used to responsibility, sks. position abroad. Box 6904.

YOUNG woman, ex-Service, literary ability, wants post as asst. to author, playwright, journalist. Own typewriter, no shthd. London area, willing go abroad. Box 6857.

STUDENT seeks interesting employment during summer vacation, preferably abroad, as tutor or otherwise, linguist qualifications. Remuneration no object if living expenses paid. Box 6870.

OXFORD student, typg., Fr., lit. ints., reqs. post July 15-Sept. 30. Box 6894.

YNG. S.R.N. sks. seaside holiday post 6 weeks from Aug. 1. Univ. educ. Typing, drive car, used to children. Box 6848.

Appointments Wanted—continued

SHORTHAND Typist. Quick. Accurate. Will collect work for completion at home. Own machine. Reasonable rates. Mrs. Tayler, 122 Hither Green Lane, S.E.13. Lee Green 3766.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

AT Notting Hill. Luxur. service rooms. Meals. Moderate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Bay. 0667.

FURN. priv. bed-sit. room (single) to let, 3 mins. tube. Belsize Ave. PRI. 5795.

FURNISHED self-contained rooms, N.W.3. One double (35s.), one single (18s.), to be let together/separately; divan beds, set-in cookers and basins. Preference given tenant(s) willing accept (badly) paid part-time secretarial work, public purposes. Box 7921.

MAN (30's) offd. furn. rm. Lancaster Gate flat, use kt., bath, phone. Mod. Box 6860.

HOME offered young man Surrey, v. convenient London 20 miles. £2 15s. p.w. Box 6964.

WILTS.—Dorset borders, magnificent views. For sale: stone and slate cottage recently modernised and decorated. 2 sit., 3 bed., h and c. basins, bath, w.c., kitch., boiler, Co.'s water. Outhse. convertible garage, ¼-acre gdn. Isolated position, no elec./telephone. Box 6907.

HOLIDAY accommodation available in boarding houses, hotels, etc., at numerous resorts (south of Mersey-Humber) to suit all incomes. Write Coast and Country Holiday Association, Bristol, 2.

OWNER of cottage (all electric) lovely part of Surrey would exchange cottage near sea Aug. or part. Box 6912.

REQD. by business man, 1 or 2 rooms, furn./unfurn. with service/bfast., poss. dinner, quiet, cleanliness essent., permanency. S.W.7, S.W.5, W.2, W.8, W.11 districts. BM/ZXHC, London, W.C.1.

FLAT wanted. Temp. digs long travelling and impossible prices have already hindered our studies. Has anyone furn./unfurn. flat Cent. Lond. abs. max. rent £250, where 3 ex-Service women students could settle Sept. or sooner. Looking after child all we could offer in exchange. Box 6905.

MARRIED couple, no children, req. from August/Sept. small house/flat, furn./unfurn. R. M. Hicks, 28 Arthur Rd. S.W.19.

WILL anyone assist 2 ex-Wrens reqg. small furn. flat pref. Kensington area but unable pay exorbitant rent. Box 6893.

URGENTLY wanted, 3/4 rmd. flat with bath, N. Lond., by woman tchr. Box 6862.

Typing and Literary

TYPEWRITING and Duplicating promptly and efficiently executed at reasonable charges. D. White, 41 Cairnfield Ave., N.W.2.

DUPLICATING (Circulars, testimonials, etc.), 25 copies 3s. 3d., 50 4s., 100 6s., including postage. Thomas Smith (N), 4 Saddington St. Gravesend, Kent.

WRITE for Profit. Send for free booklet, Regent Inst. (1918A), Palace Gate, S.W.8.

CONSULTANT Scientist offers confidential service to Authors. "Scientific plots for fiction vetted or supplied. Serious scientific MSS. criticised. Enqs. invited. Box 514.

Schools

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

BEVERLEY School, Wolfelee, nr. Hawick. Prog. Co-Educ. Children from 3 years. Healthy, happy environment. Special attention given to diet. Entire charge, arrangements made for children with parents abroad.

ELMTREES, Great Missenden, Bucks. Co-ed. Home School, 3 to 12 years. Vacancies only in new nursery house, 3 to 5 years. Principal: Miss M. R. Wilson.

PROBLEM Children accepted at Sladnor Park School, Maidencombe, Newton Abbot, Devon. Prospectus from Tom and Alice Moon.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities; self-governing community. Apply, Miss Lee, M.A.

Where to Stay

A SHORT rest and change will enable many people to carry on. Lovely, peaceful surrdgs., tranquil atmos. Tennis, squash, many unique features await you at Langdale Estate (N.), Gt. Langdale, Nr. Ambleside. Gras. 82.

SOCIALIST Guest House in beautiful Ribble Valley (Lancs). Peaceful holidays, enlarged mod. farmhouse. Home cooking. Full board, £4 10s. Stamped env. for brochure. "Clarion House," Clayton-le-Dale, nr. Blackburn.

PEAK District, Derbyshire. Holiday accom. Exc. walking centre, h. and c., 5 mins. stn., garden. Mrs. Rowbottom, The Warren, Edale.

HOLIDAY accommodation, large 16th C. farmhouse, completely isolated near Exmoor. Use separate kitchen and sitting room. Farm produce, c.h.w., bath, w.c. 2gns. p.w., bedrooms and service (except cooking). Box 6888.

CLIFTONVILLE. Select acom., excel. cuisine. From 4½gns. Elmfield Guest House, 42 Windsor Avenue, Margate 2209.

BUDLEIGH Salterton, S. Devon. Bed, breakfast, dinner, full board Suns., comf. home, 10 mins. sea, 4gns. Box 6913.

SLADE House, Bideford, N. Devon. For September, the golden month, write now. Space and peace. Amplitude of bathrooms. Gd. food. Kitch. garden, fruit. No Black Market extras. from 6gns. Johnson, Tel. Bideford 412.

THATCHED cott. Guest Hse., country h's. Bus Camb. 6 m. Haines, Eversden, Cambs.

1853—the idyllic charm of Farringford captured the heart of Alfred Tennyson. 1947—Farringford waits to charm you with the rare combination of attractive surroundings, inspired cooking and individual service. Summers terms £9 9s weekly. Write for illustrated Brochure: Resident Manager, Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight.

JUL 10 1947